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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

LADY BLESSINGTON'S NEW NOVEL.

The Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre. A Novel.
By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. London, Bentley.

TWO-THIRDS of the first volume are occupied with a touching story of the parents of the *Femme de Chambre*,—the father private secretary to an official peer, and the mother governess in the noble family of his married sister. In the character of the peer all the author's fine powers of discrimination are displayed. The prevalence of libertinism and sensuality over the transient impulses of moral principle—the self-delusion—the aptitude to fall into every temptation of vice—and the mingled pride and meanness of the poverty-haunted slave, are depicted with a searching insight into human nature. The consequences are fatal to those who had the best right to look to him for support and protection; a fearful lesson, but, we fear, "o'er true a tale." It may be added that nearly all the male characters are drawn with equally strong features of delinquency. Lord Almondbury, the Duke of Glenallen, the Nabob Frazer, &c., into whose services the *Femme de Chambre* passes, are all "tarred with the same stick," selfish, tyrannical, and odious; whilst their ladies are patterns of patience and virtue. With this we have no fault to find: it is the old fable, "if lions painted men instead of men painting lions, the picture would be different." But we must try to illustrate the tone and spirit of these volumes. When Lord Willamere tries to sap the conjugal fidelity of the beautiful Mrs. Stratford, his secretary's wife, we have a pleasant sketch of a pleasant and flowery London process in the early paths of seduction.

"When he rode out in the afternoon, and passed a certain nursery in the environs of London, no less remarkable for the beauty of the *bouquets* sold there than for the extravagance of the prices demanded for them, he omitted not to purchase one for the lady of his thoughts; and as he threw down the guinea asked for it, he forgot that the said guinea was one of the last remaining in his purse from a loan effected some ten days before on the reasonable terms of fifty per cent; nay more, he remembered not that the poor secretary's wife for whom this superfluous luxury was intended, might, from his backwardness in paying the services of her husband, be in want of many of the comforts, if not necessities of life. He thought only of marking his attention by a delicate gift that might remind the receiver of the donor, and as he had the *fragrant bouquet* enveloped in paper, and confided to the hands of his groom, he only wished that he might have the pleasure of presenting it in person to the lady for whom it was designed. 'I have now, my lord, some very rare and fine specimens of the flowers your lordship has so often asked for,' said the nursery-man. 'I do not require any at present,' was the reply; but a whole history of man's inconstancy was comprised in it. 'There's really no knowing what to make of these great folk,' observed the nursery-man to his wife, when, having seen Lord Willamere gallop off, he entered the little parlour in which she was seated at her work. 'Why, it was only a month ago that my Lord Willamere used to come here continually, asking for that new species of heart's-ease, and saying he would give any price for it; and now, when I have taken such pains to get it, and expected to be well paid for my trouble, he tells me

(Enlarged 22.)

he doesn't require it. I suppose as how the lady he wanted it for has now some fresh fancy.' 'It's more likely, Thomas, that *his lordship* has some fresh fancy. Ah! you men, you men. I often think that one might guess the changes in these fine gentlemen's hearts by the changes in their orders for flowers. One time they're mad for some particular flower, and will be satisfied with no other, because, as every fool might know, the lady who is the favourite for the time likes that best. Then some other flower is wanted, and only that will do.' 'But mayhap, Mary, that it isn't the fault of the men, but the women. Your sex are so changeable, that one day you like one flower, and the next another.' 'No, Thomas, it's no such thing, we always prefer the flower we liked best when we were in love. Don't I always prefer the moss-rose above all other flowers? and don't you remember how you used to bring me one every Sunday while they were in bloom, and I used to keep it in water, and sigh when it faded? Ah! how well I remember those days! But I am sure that there is always some new love in the case when these fine gentlemen ask for a new flower. Do you remember how many *bouquets* of forget-me-not this same Lord Willamere used to send to that grand house in Grosvenor Square, during one season? Then the prices he used to pay, a few weeks ago, for heart's-ease to send to Belgrave Square! Ah! I warrant me the poor lady there may want heart's-ease now, for what he cares about the matter; for there's a new fancy in his mind, I'll be sworn.' 'Well, Mary, that's no business of ours. We must hear, see, and say nothing. But I often think to myself, that if husbands wanted to find out their wives' secrets, they might discover 'em by going round to our green-houses. They'd then learn the prices, and mayhap the buyers, of the rare flowers their ladies have every day, and that would make 'em open their eyes. What husband, except during the honeymoon, would pay such sums for particular flowers as many a gentleman pays here?' 'Yes, Thomas, it's all very true, and ladies might also find out when those for whom they sometimes lose honour, and risk shame and disgrace, are playing 'em false, by inquiring at our green-houses what flowers are now bought by certain gentlemen, and where they are sent to?' 'It's all the better for our trade, Mary, that such questions are seldom asked, or if asked, that we are too 'cute to answer 'em.' 'It sometimes makes me sad, Thomas, to think that such innocent things as flowers should be used for sinful purposes. Sure their delicate colours, lovely bloom, and fragrant scent, ought to remind one of the Giver of all good, who has yielded them to please us, and ought to chase evil thoughts away. But, forgetful of this, these beautiful things, that live but for a day, are sent to breathe secret but evil thoughts, where sometimes a letter dare not be sent or a visit paid; and they turn to be the messengers of sin, and do the work of corruption. Little does a husband think, when he sees a fine nosegay on the table of his handsome wife, or in her bosom, or held with pleasure to her nose, that it speaks to her as plainly, but more secretly than words could do, of some false friend, whom he has received into his house, and who is planning his dishonour.' 'You're always for going to the end of things, Mary, and you remind me of what you read out of the book one day about seeing sermons in stones, and spoil our trade into the bargain.' 'No, Thomas, I wouldn't, but I'd let no man, were I a gentleman, give a nosegay to my wife. I'd have only

gentlemen going to be married, or wishing to be so, have the privilege of sending nosegays to those they have proposed for; and then flowers would be looked on as the messengers of honest, lawful love, instead of sinful.' 'Lord love your simple heart, Mary! if that was the case, we nurserymen would starve.'

"When Lord Willamere's *bouquet* was sent to Mrs. Stratford, she was half tempted to return it; but the fear of having the appearance of attaching too much importance to so trifling a gift, and of exciting the remarks of his lordship's servants, deterred her. For the first time, the sight and perfume of these beautiful offsprings of summer failed to give her pleasure; for, though a passionate admirer of flowers—and those sent to her were peculiarly fine—they were associated in her mind with the humiliating consciousness that the donor entertained towards her sentiments less accordant with the respect due to a virtuous woman, to which she thought herself entitled, than with the insolent freedom adopted by libertines to women who by their levity had encouraged such advances. Sterne, no mean judge of the female heart, has said, 'that a man has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman, without her having a presentiment of it some moments before;' and we would maintain that no married woman, however pure and innocent, has ever had the misfortune—and a serious one it may be deemed—of inspiring a passion in the breast of a man, without suspecting it, even before he has presumed to make the guilty avowal. Let no woman, therefore,—at least no woman with the quick sense of propriety peculiar to every one of the sex before being tainted by a contact with the demoralised,—plead in extenuation for having her ear insulted by a declaration of unhallowed passion, that 'it came unexpectedly on her, that she was not prepared for it;' assertions too often had recourse to by coquettes whose love of admiration had led them to give a tacit encouragement to such avowals; yet whose prudence induced them to shrink back, alarmed at the precipice on whose edge they found themselves trembling. Let them remember the verse which truly says,

'He comes too near, who comes to be denied.'

and be convinced that although a woman may retain sufficient virtue to repel a seducer, she has lost a portion of her purity and dignity in having permitted a declaration of love."

Acuteness of observation rising out of the slightest occasions is finely manifested in the foregoing quotation; and we subjoin a long but feeling passage of another nature. A worthy grocer, Mr. Manvers, rescues Stratford from prison (and we rejoice to note that Lady B. discovers extraordinary generosity in persons of the middle class of life), and takes him to his home.

"'You must not be cast down, Mr. Stratford,' said Mr. Manvers; 'only take care of your health, and I will procure you enough occupation, ay, and well paid occupation too, to secure your comfort and independence. I began the world with far less advantages than you possess. I had not your fine education, and, like you, was an orphan. I had nothing but a willing spirit, an active turn of mind, and a thorough conviction of the truth of the old proverb, that honesty is the best policy. The world has prospered with me. I am now well to do in life. If it pleased God to take me away to-morrow, I have wherewithal to provide amply and handsomely for these dear little girls, and have nothing

to reproach myself with in the manner in which my fortune has been acquired. Take courage by my example, my good sir. You are still a young man, with plenty of years before you to work, and leave your little miss as well off as both my girls will be after my death.' The two daughters of Mr. Manvers no sooner heard him utter the word death, than they rose, and with tears in their eyes ran to him, and clinging to his neck, clasped him in their arms, as if they would shield him from the fell destroyer, whose very name filled their innocent hearts with terror. That terrible name was associated in their youthful minds with the loss of a dearly-loved mother, still fondly remembered. They had seen her fade away, day by day; her cheeks become paler, her eyes more lustrous; they had noticed her voice, always low and gentle, grow still more faint, when, with accents tremulous with love and emotion, she addressed the tender watchers around her couch—that couch she was doomed to leave no more. They saw her still lovely in death, before the coffin-lid shut out that calm pale face for ever from their sight; and they beheld that coffin, covered with its funeral pall, borne from the home in which her presence had been wont to diffuse happiness. They remembered all this; hence, never did they hear the solemn word Death pronounced, that word so often irreverently uttered, without deep emotion; and when their father referred to his own decease, they flew to him as if they could save him from the approach of the King of Terrors. Mr. Manvers well understood what was passing in their innocent hearts; and his thoughts, too, were with the dead, as he pressed with almost womanly fondness his motherless children to his breast."

By the by, speaking of these girls, our lady Homer nods about their age, for they are ten and eleven years old at p. 158, and only nine and ten at p. 188. Some other little carelessnesses of the same kind might be noticed; such as lay for lie, or Spelburne, p. 213, for Spellerman, the hard-hearted attorney of the heartless lord, &c. &c.; but they are not worth while where (as here) they do not mar or perplex the sense. By way, however, of small criticism, we may observe upon the following soliloquy of his lordship, that it would have been much more probable and effective, if described in the third person:

"Well, after all, a few days more or less incarceration can't be of much consequence to him," thought the peer; "a lock-up house is, I understand, no very bad place—a sort of ready-furnished lodging, as I have heard, only different from others inasmuch as the lodger is not permitted to leave it until the proprietor is quite satisfied that there is no detainer remaining there against him. Heaven be praised, I have no personal experience of those sort of places! Glorious privilege of the peerage! which keeps us, the porcelain of human clay, safe from such contamination. Yes, I dare say Stratford has his comforts around him; his beautiful wife by his side! Who would not submit to a prison to secure a *tête-à-tête* with such a creature? He is not much to be pitied with such a companion. Yet husbands are such strange dogs, especially after a year of marriage, that a prison might seem to a Benedict no less gloomy with a wife than without one. I'll certainly relieve poor Stratford the moment I receive the money from Mr. Humphrey, and that must be in a few days. *En attendant*, I will think no more of him, which will be much the wisest plan; for boring myself about his imprisonment can do him no good, and would only put me into the blue devils. I certainly am a devilish kind-hearted fellow in the main, for I have had no fewer than a dozen disagreeable twinges of conscience since poor Stratford was arrested on my account; and if I had not so much philosophy as I possess, I should really have been as gloomy as a gamester on awaking in the morning, after he has lost his last guinea. Yes, philosophy is a marvelously good thing in such emergencies. It consoles us wonderfully in the misfortunes that befall our

friends. It is a pity it is not so successful in those that assail ourselves.' An organ, played by an Italian boy, at that moment struck up a merry tune; and this incident, so trifling in itself, gave an entire change to the thoughts of Lord Willamere. Strange power of music, to abstract us from the actual present, and transport us to other scenes! The tune was a favourite one with the Duchess of Rosehampton, and Willamere had, during the heyday of his passion for that lovely but erring woman, often danced with her to its measure. A vision of her sparkling eyes and sweet smile at such moments flashed on his memory, and he bethought him of his past triumphs, when, envied by half the men who helped to fill the gilded *salons de bal* in the great houses in London, he led the lovely duchess, sparkling in diamonds, and 'the observed of all observers,' through the mazy dance. There had been more of sentiment in Willamere's unhalloved *liaison* with the duchess, than in any other of his numerous *bonnes fortunes*. The reason was, that she was not as lightly won as his other conquests. Poor woman! Nature meant her to be something better than a mere leader of the *ton*, one of those heartless, soulless butterflies, who bask in the sunshine of fashion, and waste their lives in its frivolous pursuits and pleasures."

Part of the picture of a fashionable boarding-school in Sloane Street may be cited as a striking specimen of another sort.

"The Mesdames Patterson were elderly maiden ladies, who, after having struggled during the commencement of their career as teachers through many and heavy pecuniary difficulties, found themselves, after twenty years employed in tuition, in a state of comparative affluence, less the fruit of their industry than the consequence of the rigid system of economy in which they had persevered. They demanded large remuneration from their pupils, and fed them so frugally, that the children consigned to the tender mercies of a poor-house were not more sparingly dieted than the young ladies in their establishment. The difference was, the first were served on delf, pewter, or tin, on huckaback; the second on delicate china or plate, on snowy damask. All breakage by the servants was charged in the quarterly accounts to the young ladies, and though the parents might murmur at the extravagance of such charges, the Mesdames Patterson would not abate one shilling of them; saying, that in their establishment they permitted nothing but the very best china and glass to be used, and the breakage must be paid for. The sum thus mulcted amounted to no inconsiderable one at the close of each year; and the young ladies of the Misses Patterson's establishment were compelled to console themselves for the damaged bohea tea, bought at half-price, the adulterated cocoa and chocolate, the coarse sugar, rancid butter, pale-blue milk, and stale household bread, supplied for their morning and evening repasts, by the *recherche* elegance of the damask, china, plate, and glass, on which they were served. The paucity of the dinners, and bad quality of the low-priced viands, the Misses Patterson thought were amply atoned for by the irreproachable elegance of the dinner-service. And even this elegance became a source of profit instead of cost to the establishment; for each young lady was expected to bring a silver teapot, cream-ewer, and sugar-basin, half-a-dozen silver forks and spoons, with a silver dish, which, on their leaving the school, were to become the property of the Mesdames Patterson. Thus these ladies, at the expiration of a few years, found themselves the owners of an extensive assortment of plate, which went on accumulating every year, the charges for keeping which in repair were regularly entered in the accounts of the pupils."

"It was a subject of general remark and commendation, that the young ladies of the Misses Patterson's establishment had clearer complexions and slighter waists than those of any other; and were much less frequently attacked by inflammatory complaints. With such advantages, what

parent could listen to the representations of her daughter on the paucity or quality of her food, even if young ladies were prone to make such? But that those confided to the Mesdames Patterson were not so disposed will not surprise our readers, when we add, that few young ladies were received by them until they had entered their thirteenth year (*theirs* being what is termed a finishing school); a period of life at which *les demoiselles* begin to be extremely sensible of the advantages of a clear complexion and slight waist, and are willing to submit to a spare diet to secure them. To orphans rich enough to pay the large remuneration required, the maiden sisters, when their education was finished, offered a home as parlour-boarders; and among these Selina Stratford had been placed."

Their desperate meanness and avariciousness towards her when left penniless on their hands is (we hope) exaggerated; but Lady B.'s pencil is generally as accurate as it is sharp and keen. Frazer, the *millionnaire* (not to mention others), must, we think, be drawn from the life; and the history of his wife's mother being impelled by his sternness and hate to visit her child's sickbed in the disguise of a nurse seems too genuine, as it is affecting, for invention. The narrative may take its place beside that of the Roman Daughter.

The last mistress of the *Femme de Chambre*, Lady Calderfoot, is indeed a laughable instance of the *precieuse ridicules*, and her Parisian adventures most amusingly characteristic and grotesque. We cannot help fancying that we could name the party (or parties) who gave the original idea of this impersonation of absurdity. Our readers will find her, her authorship, her attached *attachés*, and her dread of a national war, in consequence of the remarks upon her in the French newspapers (with which Louis Philippe is afraid to interfere), worthy of their perusal; and we dare promise them entertainment from the whim and humour.

Altogether the *Femme de Chambre* is a light, piquant, and interesting production, as playfulness or sentiment prevail; and for sketches of society in the upper circles, one of no common powers of observation and description—deducing useful moral lessons from all.

THE PUNJAB AND THE SIKHS.

History of the Punjab, &c. 2 vols. London, W. H. Allen and Co.

RECENT events have added so much to the interest and importance of the Sikh sect and people, their origin, the means by which they rose to power, their force at the moment they chose to measure their strength against that of British India, and their condition at the close of that fearful struggle, that we cannot but consider any work addressed to the development of these points to be peculiarly seasonable. And if to this view we unite the consideration that these volumes are satisfactorily executed, and their intelligence very sufficient, we have said enough to recommend them to general acceptance and welcome by the public. The historian has availed himself ably of Mr. Prinsep's labours in his memoir of Runjeet Singh, who elevated the Sikhs to their superiority and dominion in the Punjab, covering the region between the Jumna and Sutluj,—and also of the information furnished in various ways by Dr. Falconer (now so auspiciously engaged on the geological remains of the Sevalik mountains), Sir John Malcolm, Burnes, Moorcroft, Lieut. Wood, Vigne, Mohun Lal, Lawrence, Colonel Tod, Mill, Wilson, Elphinstone, and other writers, including the late Captain Murray, whose reports (together with Captain Wade's) were the foundation of Prinsep's valuable labours. Out of these materials has been well fashioned the work before us, and from which it is our duty to cull what seems most worthy of the notice of our readers. The geography, or rather the hydrography of the country, need not detain us farther than to repeat, it "is of an oval form, lying between the parallels of 29° and 34° north, and the meridians of 71° and 76° east, and its area is estimated

at 85,000 square miles. Five large streams, the arteries of the Indus, traverse this region, and divide it into four doabs, as the tracts inclosed between the forks of two rivers are termed in the country, and give to it the name of *Punjab*, or 'Country of the Five Rivers.' The modern names of these rivers, in their succession eastward from the Indus, are the Jelum, the Chenab, the Ravi, the Beas, and the Sutluj."

The doabs, or lands between every two rivers, are described; and we learn that "between the Sutluj and Lodiana the country is very low, not alluvial, but sandy, and intersected by nullas, one of which was the bed of the river fifty years ago. The aptitude of the Sutluj to change its course creates many a bitter feud; a single season often changes the bed several miles, and crops sown on one side of the stream may be reaped by a proprietor on the other. In the plains, observes Major Lawrence, the Sutluj runs through a line of country six miles broad, and from twenty to one hundred feet lower than the general surrounding level. This tract is called *khadir*, as the high adjoining lands are called *bangur*. Through any portion of this bed of six miles the river is liable to force a new channel; and every year does, more or less, change its course. The waters begin to rise in April, and towards July come down in so full a stream, as often to inundate the villages on the banks. The general influence of these floods is beneficial, the low (*khadir*) lands being sown with rice; but occasionally whole villages are swept away, and large deposits of sand are left upon a rich soil. This tendency to desert their channels is a property of most, if not all, of the Punjab rivers. Bands of sand traverse the country, north and south, indicating the old beds of rivers; the Ravi, which, twenty years ago, washed the city of Lahore, runs now in a channel three miles to the northward; the Chenab, which, within twelve years, ran close to the town of Ramnagar, is now four miles distant; and the same remark applies to the Jelum."

"The inferior towns throughout the Punjab are, generally speaking, only large villages, containing a fort, or the residence of a Sikh chief. On the right bank of the Jelum, near Jelalpoore, where the soil is fertile, the villages, perched upon the hills, are romantic in their situation, and the houses, which are comfortable within, are plastered with a grey-coloured earth, which gives them a cleanly external appearance. The dwellings generally of the Punjabis are flat, or terrace-roofed, built either of sun-dried bricks in a wooden frame, or they consist of a wooden frame covered with mud. The villages, in some parts, and even in the vicinity of Lahore, are temporary, being the movable hamlets of the pastoral Cathi, or Juns. The climate, excepting in the northern and mountainous tracts, is dry, very little rain falling in the plains, especially in the south. On the hills, as well as towards the sea, and where the monsoon is felt, as far as Lahore, the rains are sometimes heavy. In the winter the weather is cold, and even frosty during the night. The heat in summer is intense, and scarcely tolerable to Europeans, who have experienced near Lahore, in June, a temperature of 113° after ten o'clock, A.M. 'I never felt any thing like the heat,' Mr. Osborne says; 'even before three o'clock in the morning, on the 16th of June, the thermometer must have been upwards of 100°, and a stifling, sultry atmosphere, that made it painful to breathe.' Baron Hügel describes the heat of the Punjab as 'dreadful.'"

The population, estimated at from three-and-a-half to five millions, is composed of various races, "Tibetans and Cashmerians, and in the plains, Patans, the descendants of Afghan conquerors, and the progeny of Hindus from ultra-Sutluj India, are mixed with Jats and Cathis, who compose the bulk of the Punjabis, properly so called. The Khalas, or Sikhs, do not amount to much more than a fourth part of the entire population; there are none westward of the Jelum, and to the eastward of Lahore, where they are said to predominate, Burnes states

that they do not compose one-third. 'It is astonishing,' says Major Lawrence, 'how seldom a Sikh is met met in what is called the Sikh territory.' Historical associations of much interest attach to the Jat race, which is widely disseminated throughout India, under the names of Jit, Jat, and Jat; by the latter they are known on the Jumna and Ganges; by that of Jat, on the Indus and in Saurashtra, and as Jits in the Punjab. Evidence from the history of different nations, too strong to be resisted, identifies them with the Scythian Getae, as they are called by classical authors; Yüé-che, or Yüé-te, as they are denominated by the historians of China, whose original seat was in Central Asia, and who, after extending their authority over the modern Afghanistan, invaded India in the fifth century, and established themselves in the Punjab and in Rajpootana."

Passing over the early history of these mixed races, we come to the rise of the Sikhs, who acquired the predominancy over them all in this quarter of India.

Nanuk, a Hindu of the Cshatriya caste and Vidi tribe, born in 1469 on the bank of the Beas, was the founder of this sect, and miracles vouched for his divine mission; for "when Nanuk was a youth, and employed to tend cattle in the fields, he fell asleep under a tree; but as the sun declined, its rays fell upon his face, whereupon a large black snake raised itself from the ground, and interposed its extended hood to protect Nanuk from the sun. Ray Bolar happened to pass the spot, and witnessed this unequivocal sign, as he believed, of Nanuk's sanctity and future eminence."

After other similar signs or manifestations, "Nanuk began to practise the austerities of a holy man; and by his abstractions in the contemplation of the Divine Being, his abstinence and virtue, he acquired great celebrity. He is said to have travelled into various countries, to the different places of Hindu pilgrimage, and to Mecca, in order to reform the worship of the true God, which he perceived was degraded by the idolatry of the Hindus and the ignorance of the Mahomedans. He was accompanied in his travels by Bala Sandhu, his disciple, from whom tradition has preserved various narratives of extravagant or miraculous occurrences. Wherever he journeyed, he preached and explained to all ranks the doctrines of the unity and omnipresence of God, defending his own opinions without offending those of others; always professing himself an enemy of discord, whose sole object was to reconcile the two faiths of the Hindus and Mahomedans, by recalling them to that great original truth, the basis of both their creeds, the unity of God. During his travels, in the year 1526, Nanuk was introduced to the Emperor Baber, before whom he maintained his doctrine with firmness and eloquence. Baber is said to have been pleased with the interview, and to have offered him an ample maintenance, which Nanuk refused, observing, that he trusted for support to Him who provided for all, and from whom alone a man of religion and virtue should accept favour or reward. When Nanuk returned from his travels he cast off the garments of a Fakir, but he continued to give instructions to his now numerous disciples. He appears at this time to have experienced violent opposition from the Hindu zealots, who charged his doctrine with impiety; and when he visited Vatala, the Yogiswaras (recluses, who, by means of corporal mortifications, are supposed to acquire a command over the powers of nature) were so enraged, that they strove, though vainly, to terrify him by their feats in enchantment, assuming (says one author) the shapes of tigers and serpents. When Nanuk was asked to exhibit some proof of his supernatural powers, he replied: 'A holy teacher has no defence but the purity of his doctrine; the world may change, but the Creator is unchangeable.'"

Not comparing them with Christianity, but with the pagan philosophy of any period of the world, or more especially with the faiths by which they

were surrounded, and out of which they may be said to have sprung, the tenets of Nanuk must be acknowledged to possess great rationality and purity, and to have been well adapted to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind. His followers speedily augmented in numbers, and took their denomination from the Sanscrit word *sishya*, a general term, meaning a devoted disciple, which has been corrupted in the Punjabi dialect into *Sikh*. Their scriptures are called *Grant'h*; * i. e. book; and there are two, *Adi Grant'h*, the 'first book,' and *Dasama Padshah-ka Grant'h*, or book of the tenth king, the famous Guru Govind. "Some small portions have been since added by thirteen persons, who are reckoned as only twelve and a half, the last contributor being a female."

"The most acceptable offerings to God, according to Nanuk, are morning praise, and the presentation of the body to him; he promised the person who did this, the Divine favour and future absorption into the Deity. 'He who serves God, the fountain of all good,' says the *Adi Grant'h*, 'will obtain his blessing. God is served by listening to his excellences, by meditating upon them, and by celebrating their praise: the method of which is to be obtained from a spiritual guide, who is above all the gods, and in fact, God himself.' The following is one of the hymns sung by the Nanuk-Shahis:

Thou art the Lord—to thee be praise.
All life is with thee.
Thou art my parents; I am thy child.
All happiness is derived from thy clemency.
No one knows thy end.
Highest Lord amongst the highest—
Of all that exists, thou art the Regulator,
And all that is from thee obeys thy will.
Thy movements, thy pleasure, thou only knowest.
Nanuk, thy slave, is a free-will offering unto thee.

"His opinion that the Deity is a pervading spirit, unconfined by space or locality,—

'Deus est quodcumque vides, ubicumque moveris,'—is shewn by the remarkable answer Nanuk gave to a Mahomedan priest, who, when the former was lying on the ground, with his feet in the direction of Mecca, exclaimed, 'How darest thou, infidel, turn thy feet towards the house of God?' 'Turn then, if you can,' replied Nanuk mildly, 'where the house of God is not.' The pacific spirit of his doctrines is indicated by this injunction of Nanuk: 'Put on armour that will harm no one; let thy coat of mail be that of understanding, and convert thy enemies to friends: fight with valour, but with no weapon but the word of God.'"

"The government of the Sikhs was originally founded upon their religion; and even now they regard their Khalas, or commonwealth, as a theocracy, taking in a literal sense the dying expressions of Guru Govind. 'I have delivered over the Khalas,' said he to those who surrounded his bed, inquiring to whom he would bequeath his authority, 'to God, who never dies. I have been your guide, and will still preserve you; read the *Grant'h*, and observe its injunctions, and whoever remains true to the state, him will I aid.' Hence the Sikhs believe that they were placed by their last and most revered pontiff under the peculiar care of God. Until the late Runjeet Singh overthrew the republican form of government, their chief ruler professed himself the servant of the Khalas, which acted, in times of great emergency, by means of a national council, the Guru-mata, of which every chief was a member, and this council was supposed to deliberate and resolve under the immediate inspiration and impulse of that invisible being who always watched over the interests of the commonwealth."

* Almost the Bible corruption told as having been played by a wag upon a short-sighted Highland minister, by altering the letter *i* into *r* in a text he had to read. "And there were Giants in those days;" which accordingly the worthy clergyman came to read, "there were Grants in those days;" and on which, after closely conning the passage, he commented, "No doubt, my brethren, there were Grants in those days, the powerful forefathers of the friendly clan we see around us; may they flourish for ever! Lord Glenelg is now their representative.—Ed. L. G.

Out of these holy and pacific doctrines, in process of time, grew the warlike spirit and association of the *Singh* or Lion Sikhs; and a great deterioration of principle and action was the natural result.

"Concerns (says Capt. Murray, here interestingly quoted) are transacted by oral testimony, verbal agreements, and promises. The test of right is confined to the memory of the oldest inhabitants of a neighbourhood, and tradition preserves old customs. Falsehood, fraud, and perjury, are the natural concomitants of such a mode of conducting affairs. Money, fear, and favour, can purchase an oath, can determine a village boundary dispute, and screen a criminal from detection, and the infliction of punishment. In some instances, an accused person will call for the *dibb*, or ordeal of innocence, plunge his fingers in boiling oil, bear a heated ploughshare on his hands for fifty to one hundred yards, challenge his accuser to the trial by water, and, if he escape unhurt, his purity is declared, and freely acknowledged. Witchcraft and spells (*jadoo* and *moot*) have a powerful influence over the fancies and actions of the chiefs and other inhabitants of the Sikh states. A sudden indisposition, a vomiting of blood, or any unusual ailment, for the nature and cause of which a native cannot very readily account, are generally attributed to the malice and invention of a rival, or to an evil-disposed member of the family. The possession of a waxen or dough effigy, some particular threads, and small human bones, discovered in the dwelling or about the person of a suspected individual, are convincing proofs of guilt and wickedness. 'The harmless flame, which insensibly,' says Gibbon, 'melted a waxen image, might derive a powerful and pernicious energy from the affrighted fancy of the person whom it was maliciously designed to represent.' One of the reasons Raja Juswunt Singh, of Nabab, assigned for his wish to disinherit his eldest son and heir was, that he had been engaged in some mischievous practices, and destructive enchantments, with one Bhair Dighanu, to ruin the health of his father. Sirdar Bhoop Singh, of Roopur, advanced a similar charge against his uncle, Darwa Singh. Both these chiefs bear the character of being well-informed men, and wiser than their neighbours. Rutun Koonwur, the widow of Muhtab Singh, chief of Thanesur, adopted a sickly boy, to whom she became immoderately attached, and vainly hoped he might be admitted to succeed to the landed property she held for life. In 1828, the boy died; and Rutun Koonwur, in a paroxysm of grief, filed a formal complaint, charging his death, through magical arts, to her nephew, Jumerut Singh, producing in court some body-clothes, and on no better evidence directing her vakeel to prosecute him for murder. The case was set at rest by reasoning on its absurdity, and Rutun Koonwur consoled herself by the adoption of another boy. In September 1829, a thanadar of the Thanesur Rani hanged a Bramin suspected of magic. The Rani dismissed the thanadar from his situation.

"Good and bad omens, lucky and unlucky days, and particular hours of the day and night for commencing a journey and returning home, are carefully observed by the Sikhs, and by all other classes in the Punjab, whether engaged in the most momentous enterprises, or in the common concerns of life. To hear a partridge call on your right hand as you enter a town, cranes passing from left to right, meeting a bare-headed person, a jackass braying as you enter a town or village, a dog shaking his head and ears on quitting home, to meet a corpse or a Bramin, to hear a female jackal howling during the night, sneezing on going out or coming into a house or room, &c. &c., are bad omens. The contrary are good omens: to hear a partridge call on your left, cranes passing from right to left, to meet a Mehtur or Sweeper, to behold pearls in your sleep, &c. If a Mussulman dream of seeing the moon, it is as good as an in-

terview with the prophet.* Prior to the field being taken with an army,† a visit of ceremony being paid to a distant friend, or a pilgrimage being made, the Muhurut, or auspicious moment for departure and return must be predicted by a Pundit, and the Pundit on his part is guided by the jogme, or spirits, which pervade every quarter of the compass. To avert the pernicious consequences likely to ensue from unfavourable prognostics or dreams, charity is recommended, and, in general, given very freely on such occasions, by natives of rank and wealth. These, and many hundred other absurd prejudices and superstitious notions, are carried into the most solemn affairs of state. It was no uncommon practice of Runjeet Singh, when he contemplated any serious undertaking, to direct two slips of paper to be placed on the *Grant'h Sahib*, or sacred volume of the Sikhs. On the one was written his wish, and on the other the reverse. A little boy was then brought in, and told to bring one of the slips, and whichever it might happen to be, his highness was as satisfied as if it were a voice from heaven. A knowledge of these whims and prepossessions is useful and necessary. They obtain, under varied shapes, and in diversified shades, throughout the Eastern world, warping the opinions, and directing the public and private affairs, of all ranks in society, from the despot to the peasant, from the soldier in the battle-field to the criminal at the tree of execution.†

With this long illustration we conclude our extracts and remarks; leaving the later events relating to the Sikhs and Punjab to be gathered from these volumes in a connected manner. They have been much dwelt upon in many ways, so as to be mostly familiar to almost every class of readers; but they are here so consistently and clearly preserved that the work needs no further praise to recommend it.

CENTO.—POETRY.

The King of the Commons: a Drama. By the Author of "The Earl of Gowrie." Pp. 100. London, T. C. Newby.

UPON the acting of this play last week we offered nearly all the remarks that might occur to us on reading it. It is not very poetical; its construction as a whole going out of the province of romance, and regarding dramatic unity is naught; yet all the threads are brought well together at the end, only that the least threads are made as important as (or more important than) the greatest, with a conventional decision; and the history of Scotland is subordinate to the reclamation of an outlaw, or the marriage of an absolved priest. Several parts and passages remind us rather too closely of preceding authors: as, for instance, the King's opening scene of Hotspur; Mungo Small at his first interview with Sir Adam Weir of the silly swagger about dress in the *Beggar of Bethnal Green*; and Sir Adam's scene with his granddaughter unfolding his ambitious projects of Sir Giles Overreach.

* "An eminent native merchant came to me on business from Amritsur, and died at Lodiana of the cholera morbus. His followers very gravely told me that my remedies were not unavailing, for, on entering the town, many bare-headed men of the Goojur caste had been met by the deceased."

† "A gang of burglars being brought before me, in 1819, admitted in evidence, that two pieces of coloured muslin had been tossed over their left shoulders, on hearing a jackal call on their right hand, soon after quitting Kurnal, where the burglary had been perpetrated. Deceased are unlucky days—Saturday and Monday, to the east—Sunday and Friday, to the west—Tuesday and Wednesday, to the north, and Thursday to the south. The contrary are *Siddh Jog*, or lucky days."

‡ "When the Sirhind division, composed entirely of sipahs, was directed, under the command of Sir David Ochterlony, against the Goorkha power, in 1814, it was suggested by Nund Singh, the accredited agent of Runjeet Singh, that the first march should be made at the dussers. It being mentioned to him, that this was too early, he begged that the tents and a few men might move out on that day. He was gratified; and the success that attended this division in all its operations was attributed more to the choice of an auspicious hour, than to the wisdom, prudence, and gallantry of its commander, his officers, and men."

Of the more original and better features the following are examples. Sir Adam thus describes a very trite and commonplace woman:

"And yet she was the wife—
This silly, talking, thoughtless, empty thing—
Of a brave man, a gentleman, as wise
And deep in counsel as was e'er a man
Of Scottish blood; ay, and he loved her too,
And knew not all the time they lived together
What a poor doll she was. 'Tis very strange;
For she had never sense to see his worth,
And yet she loved him too, after a sort;
And she was proud of him, yet knew not why—
Well, they were happy. Why should Madeleine
Be wretched if her husband is a fool?
I would not have her wretched, not quite wretched.
But she must wed the heir of rich Laird Small.
Oh, she will love him, perhaps, as Barton did
My silly niece, her cousin! Well, I hope so."

The touch at the King's poetic vanity, to which we alluded last week, is smart enough:

"Sir Adam. A wanderer, I perceive:
Have you crossed sea?"

James. This fellow questions hard.

Oh, yes, I've been a rover, wet and dry,
And can trim sail, and hand, and reef, and steer,
With e'er a skipper in Leith.

Sir A. A trader, sir?

J. In most things—from sweet looks to a true friend,
To a sword point held to an enemy's throat.

Sir A. I like sweet looks best. Did you travel far
In other lands? For wines, perhaps, to the south?

J. Ay, sir; I've seen the walls of Bordeaux town
Rise 'mid rich vineyards on the shores of France,
And the whole land lie like a perfumed bride
On her green couch, with birds for choristers,
And a blue sky, unknown to this cold climate,
Hung over like a gorgeous canopy.

Sir A. You speak like a brave stringer of rich words—
A poet, as I may say.

J. I've tried it, sir;
But poetry's a poor trade, and only fit
For white hands and weak heads.

Sir A. You're libellous
On our good king: he rhymes, you know.

Oh, does he?

I hope, sir, he rhymes well.

Sir A. I'm not a critic,
But I have heard some men of good repute
For wit and judgment—

Well, what said they?—quick!

Sir A. Men that knew what the tricks of rhyming were—
J. Well, well; they praised the verses!

Sir A. They? not they!

J. Why, what the devil—but—go on, go on!

Sir A. You're pleased to see a brother rhymist mock'd—
Another proof you're of the poet's tribe.

J. (aside). Why, what a twaddling, sensible old fool!
This is no traitor. Ah, sir, Poesy

Holds no communion with such thoughts as these.
In her enchanted garden, 'mid the flowers,
Grows no base thing; but in the balmy air,
Walking, as angels walked in Paradise,
Hope, and her sister, white-robed Charity,
Move onward, circled by the arms of Love!

The poet—but, grace Marie! what an ass
To talk of paradise and jangling stuff.
Forgive it, sir.

Sir A. There's nothing to forgive.
It's pretty, very pretty—not quite plain.

To dull old ears like mine, but pretty, pretty!"

We conclude with a farther taste of the poetry
of the author:

"Malcolm. Your grandsire bids me see you, Madeleine.
Madeleine. Malcolm!

Mal. I never wish'd to see you more.
In kindness, I would never more have sought
Your presence; never heard your voice again.
But when you ask'd my hand, I—I—believe me,
'Twas from no change, no want of true affection;
'Twas from—'twas—will you take my hand now, Made-
leine?"

Mal. Are you about to leave us? Yes, I go
Where I shall see you, never—never more:
I go to hide my sorrows.

Mal. Malcolm! Pray you,
Let me but say farewell, but do not speak;
Once I could dwell on every word you said,
And treasure it like a sweet cherished tune
To be con'd over in my solitude.
But now I would not hear your voice nor see
Your smile—

Mal. You will not see me smile again!
Mal. I cannot bear to look upon your face,
Where I have fed my eyes, dear Madeleine;
Do you remember two long years ago,
When I was leaving Litchmont, how we walked
To the Green Den, and how you stoop'd and gather'd
Beside the burn a sprig of blooming heath?

Mal. Yes!

Mal. Here it is! I've had it near my heart
Since then, and both are withered. Madeleine,
I ask'd you not to speak—but I am changeful—

I'd hear your voice again for the last time!
Say but a word!

Mod. Oh, Malcolm! Shall I say
Mal. How constantly my thoughts shall rest on you?
Ah, Madeline! when we were—long, long ago—
To look up to the moon as she do now,
It was with happier eyes. I little knew
What memories of grief I gathered then
To feed on in my heart for evermore;
And now!—God's blessing be around you ever!
The blessing of a heart that—fare-you-well!

Mod. Malcolm! you leave me, it is come at last;
See! I can hear our parting: this is broke
The chain that link'd us from our infancy.
And here—it is the last time we shall meet
On this cold earth—though we shall meet again
There, where the stars are shining calm and clear!
And we are dead to one another, Malcolm!
Take with you to your solitude the thought
That I—oh, pardon, Heaven! if it is sin—
Have never loved but you—love only you!
Mal. What! heard I right? You loved me? love me?

God!
This is too much to bear. My fondest hopes
Reach'd not so high. I was an orphan, poor,
Unfriended; I but dared to think of you
As of some higher nature, that I feel
Fell from my heart, parting as part we spoke,
And I was—what I am—I knew I loved;
Oh, but to dare to love!—though without hope!—
To dare to love, and feel it is no crime!
Dearest!—I know not what I say—once more
Tell me you love me: no, no! tell me not!
It turns to poison on your lip, and kills.
Mod. Malcolm! no! leave us part as suits us both,
Calmly, as best becometh our misery.
Go; be you happy! you cannot be happy—
I feel it in my heart—but be at peace.
I hear my sorrow meekly. On your hand
I place my lips—I bless you—and farewell!"

Spring Buds, &c. By S. Shepherd, F.S.A. Pp. 84.
Hatchard and Son.

THE author has collected his poetical effusions during thirty years into this small volume; and so preserved them for his friends and the public. They are almost all occasional, and written in a moral and religious tone. The following is a specimen:

"On the Motto of the Arms of the City of London.

'Domino, dirige nos.'
'Direct us, Lord!' thus let us pray,
And look to thee from day to day;
To other aid why should we fly,
When one we have that's ever nigh,
Who always succour can afford?
Then still we pray, 'Direct us, Lord.'

Should trouble of all kinds assail,
Our friends prove false, or foes prevail,
To thee in vain we shall not plead
For help in every time of need;
We'll anchor on thy sacred word,
Assured thou wilt 'direct us, Lord.'

Then thankful we thy mercy own,
And bow before thy gracious throne;
Through every chequer'd scene of life,
In joy or sorrow, peace or strife,
We'll look to thee with one accord,
And kneeling, pray, 'Direct us, Lord!'"

Hymns and Songs of the Church. Translated and
Composed by George Wither. Edited by the
Rev. H. E. Havergal, M.A. Pp. 130. Oxford,
J. H. Parker.

THE compositions of which these are a portion were published above two hundred years ago, and are now reprinted with the spelling altered so as to make them more generally intelligible. Appended to them are some of the music to which they were set by Orlando Gibbons. The volume is very prettily got up, and will be acceptable in religious families. We select a specimen of the poetry:

"A Funeral Song.
I am the life, the Lord thus saith,
The resurrection is through me;
And whoso'er in me hath faith,
Shall live, yea though now dead he be:
And he for ever shall not die,
That living doth on me rely.

That my Redeemer lives I ween,
And that at last I rais'd shall be
From earth, and, cover'd with my skin
In this my flesh, my God shall see.
Yea with these eyes, and these alone,
Even I my God shall look upon.

Into the world we naked come,
And naked back again we go:

The Lord our wealth receive we from,
And he doth take it from us too.
The Lord both wills and works the same;
And blessed therefore be his name.
From heaven there came a voice to me,
And this it will'd me to record;
The dead from henceforth blessed be,
The dead that die in the Lord;
The Spirit thus doth likewise say;
For from their works at rest are they."

*An Abridgment of Universal History, adapted to the
Use of Families and Schools, with Questions and
Answers, &c.* By the Rev. H. J. Knapp, D.D.
Pp. 253. Longmans.

A NEW edition of this valuable and instructive class-book, with the series of events brought down almost to the birth of the last princess, exhibits its well-arranged plan and skillful execution in so favourable a light that we need not refer to its preceding popular course of some forty or fifty years. It is a judicious, simple, and excellent teacher of history, within as small a compass as could be devised. The reverend writer, however, should avoid such a phrase as that on the first page of contents, "the three first periods," the first three!

Abel Massinger the Aeronaut: a Romance. By T. T. Stoddard, author of "The Death-Wake," &c.
Pp. 392. Edinburgh, Menzies; London, Bogue.

ALLOW yourself to get over the first difficulty in this composition, and give the reins of your imagination to the author—believe in a balloon-voyage to which Monck Mason's trip to Nassau was a bagatelle, and follow a plot of villany as thick as ever was twisted—and you will find much of genius and intensity of interest in this singular production. For ourselves, being, we presume, at the moment in a more than usual ultra-romantic vein, we went off at score with Abel Massinger on his aeronautic expedition, and never alighted from the hobby of wonderful adventures till the last page of the volume was unfolded. We are of opinion that many readers will take a like concern in the hair-breadth 'scapes and sufferings of the hero, and be glad at last to find him enabled to compare these and his Italian wrongs with the peaceful security and repose of an English home. That the whole borders on extravagance is not to be concealed; but there is a method in the madness which renders it curious and striking.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGY.

The Journal of the British Archaeological Association,
established in 1843, &c. No. V. London, printed
for the Association.

THIS is a varied and excellent No., exhibiting the active pursuits and substantial progress of the Association, in a manner which must greatly recommend it to the general public. It takes up nearly every interesting branch of archaeology; explains what is doubtful, rescues what is in danger, and preserves what has been recovered. Such are the right and useful labours of Institutions of this kind; above all jealous squabbling, and the inexcusable opposition which would either step in to rob the true possessor of the hard-earned fruits of his lengthened toils, or mar their fruition altogether by unjustifiable interference.

The architectural account of Rothersthorpe Church is concluded, with many illustrations, by Mr. E. Pretty; and Mr. Beale Post contributes an exceedingly interesting "third Paper" on the coins of Cunobeline and of the ancient Britons. Comius is placed at the head of British coinage; and the writer traces coins of, or attributed to, Segonax, Cassibelan, Caracatus, Boadicea, Arviragus, &c. &c., deducing from them several curious illustrations of mythology, history, and geography, both in Britain and Gaul.

Roman remains at Colchester are ably described by Mr. Roach Smith, and we select the following as specimens of remarkable objects. The first is "a sphynx, sculptured in stone. It was found in the garden of the General Hospital, about ten paces from the west wall, and about fifty-five paces from the London Road, at two feet from the

surface of the soil: close to it was dug up a fragment of the tibia of a human leg, bones of oxen, deer, pigs, and fowls, with Roman pottery; and, between twenty and thirty paces from the same spot, part of a sepulchral inscription to the memory of one or more legionary soldiers. Within the bounds of the hospital were dug up at the same time a large quantity of building materials, red and white tiles, coarse and unhewn stones, used probably in foundations, and a great many well-hewn fragments of a stone called swanage, from a place in the Isle of Purbeck, where it is chiefly dug; the fragment of the inscription above alluded to is of the same material. The stone in which the sphynx is sculptured is freestone, brought probably from Portland. Very recently, Mr. Taylor, the resident surgeon, has noticed, in the same locality, a Roman wall, from four to five feet wide, and from ten to twenty feet in length, as far as it was excavated. A bronze statuette of a sphynx, about an inch and a half high, was found in 1820, within a few yards of the stone figure. As a work of art, the sculptured sphynx exhibits good taste and executive skill of no mean order. The fabled monster of Thebes, combining the five-fold attributes of a virgin, a lion, a bird, a dog, and a serpent, is correctly exhibited in accordance with the ancient myths in which it figures so conspicuously. The head, breasts, and arms, are those of a beautiful virgin; the fore-paws are of a lion; the body and fecund digs indicate a bitch; the hinder part takes the lion's form; and the tail, doubled upon itself in short foldings, is the serpent in repose. The mangled remains of a human being lie beneath the figure, and protrude on both sides. The head of the victim is extremely well executed; the eyelids are closed; the mouth is drawn down at the corners; muscles are strained and set, and the countenance, sunk in death, conveys an expression of exhaustion and agony. Altogether, the composition is good and harmonious, and is probably of early date. On the base is cut a large S, doubtless a mark of the quarry or of the sculptor."

We give on the next page the apparently heterogeneous and mystical compound.

There is also "in the collection of Mrs. Mills, of Lenden Park, a bronze figure of Cupid riding on a sea-griffin, discovered some years since in excavating for laying the foundations of Colchester bank, but which has been hitherto unpublished. It is given at the bottom of next page, about one-third of the actual size. The god of love is often represented riding on the back of a lion, or on dolphins and sea-monsters, emblematical of his omnipotence, which is well symbolised in the tri-form griffin, a combination of bird, beast, and fish, obedient and tractable under the gentle sway of the youthful divinity."

Recently discovered Anglo-Saxon antiquities furnish matter for a short but valuable description by Mr. Wright; and Professor Henslow has contributed a no less striking essay on supposed British cinerary urns found near Derby, in 1844. Mr. Wright has also enlarged his paper on the Abacus, reported in the *Literary Gazette* of April 4th (page 318), when we expressed a wish for further information respecting this little known or understood medieval system of arithmetic. Coming to the Algorithm, by which name the science was called, after the introduction of the Arabian, about the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, caused a change in the Abacus, Mr. Wright says:

"One of the first treatises on *algorismus* was by an English scholar named Johannes de Sacro-bosco, who is said to have died about the year 1235. His system is seen at once to be that of the abacus, with the addition of the *sipos* (or, as he calls it, *cifra*) to enable the operator to dispense with the columns. The very words of the old writers, which had reference to the tabular columns, are retained to denote the position of the figures, and the technical terms remind us of the columns at every step. The numbers, according to their position, are still

digiti and *articuli*. The figures are still understood as being characters by which number is artificially represented. Towards the middle of the thirteenth century, a well-known writer, Alexander de Villa-Dei (or Villedieu) composed memorial verses, not for the names of the characters, but comprising the whole system of arithmetic, under the title of *Carmen de Algorismo*, a tract which must have been extremely popular, if we judge by the number of manuscripts in which it occurs. The abacus, or table, was still retained, but without the columns. I think that I have seen a drawing in an early manuscript representing a person operating on the Boethian abacus, but I have mislaid the reference; representations of the algorismus table are less rare. In the annexed cut, taken from a manuscript



of the end of the thirteenth or commencement of the fourteenth century (ms. Burney, No. 275, p. 667), a female, the personification of arithmetic, is teaching her disciples the science of algorismus:—she appears to be drawing the figures with a style on a table covered with wax or some other soft substance. Another representation of a person working on the algorismus table will be found in a manuscript of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum (ms. Harl. No. 4350, fol. 15, vo.) It is now very difficult to say how far the knowledge of the Arabian system of arithmetic may have influenced the changes which were thus taking place in our medieval system. So much knowledge was borrowed from the Saracens during the

twelfth century, that it became the fashion to ascribe to them the origin of many things which were known long before the intercourse which led to the introduction amongst our forefathers of the Arabian sciences. William of Malmesbury, in the middle of the twelfth century, supposed that Gerbert had obtained the knowledge of the abacus from the Spanish Arabs; a notion which was certainly without foundation. The writer of the anonymous treatise on the abacus, of the end of the twelfth century, printed by M. Chasles, goes so far as to assert that the name *abacus* is an Arabic word. Alexander de Villa-Dei, and other writers of the thirteenth and subsequent centuries, imagined that the characters used in the system of algorismus were derived from the Arabs and the Indians; and hence they have eventually obtained the title of *Arabic numerals*. A single glance, however, is sufficient to show that the figures of the algorismus are identical in every respect with the characters of the abacus, having merely passed through modifications inevitable when they came into more frequent use. For the sake of comparison, I give three specimens of arithmetical numerals, of different dates. No. 1 is taken from the

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earliest manuscript of the treatise of Sacrobosco that I have been able to find in the British Museum (ms. Arundel, No. 332, fol. 68, ro.), written in the latter part of the thirteenth century. No. 2 is taken from another copy of the same work (ms. Reg. 8, C. iv. fol. 36, vo.), written in the earlier part of the fourteenth century. No. 3 is taken from a calendar of the earlier half of the fifteenth century (ms. Sloane, No. 2927). It may be observed, that in a manuscript calendar in the Cottonian library (Vespas. E. vii.), which appears to have been written in the year 1380, the forms of the numerical figures are nearly identical with those of No. 3. We see, by these examples, how our modern numerals were derived from the characters of the abacus. Several of them have hardly been changed.*

From these data a very useful inference is drawn; for Mr. Wright justly observes:

* See the woodcut in *Lit. Gazette*, already referred to.

"It is important for the antiquary thus to know historically the origin and transformation of the medieval numerals. Various instances occur of inscriptions on buildings in the so-called Arabic numerals, apparently of an early date, which have been severally the subject of obstinate discussion, simply because both disputants were equally ignorant of the subject they were discussing. I believe that such an inscription has been ascribed to the eleventh century. This, it will at once be seen, is impossible; and the error has probably arisen from taking a 4 of the fifteenth century, of which the lower limbs had been nearly erased, for a 0. Even in the twelfth century, these characters were no more looked upon as numerals, than our modern algebraical *a, b, c*, and *x, y, z*; none but a mathematician knew what they meant; and if he had seen a date on a building expressed in such figures, he would naturally have wondered for what magical purpose four characters of the abacus had been stuck up against the wall. Both in the treatises on the abacus, and in those on the algorismus, down to a late period, the figures are only used in the operations, the results of which are stated in words or in Roman numerals. They were considered as things only belonging to science. Charpentier, in his supplement to the *Glossarium* of Ducange, cites a document, of which he does not give the date (but it is probably of the thirteenth century), in which books that appear to have been marked with these figures are distinguished as *libri signati per abacum*. Even at the end of the fourteenth century, the figures were still considered as signs belonging to the science of 'awgrim': a passage in the curious poem on the deposition of Richard II. informs us that,—

'Than satte summe, as siphre doth in awgrim,
That noteth a place and nothing availeth.'

It was only in the fourteenth century that these algorismic numerals became generally used in books, and it is not probable that they would be used in inscriptions on buildings till long afterwards; it will be evident that they could not possibly be so used in the twelfth century, and I believe it to have been equally impossible in the thirteenth. Rare examples of inscriptions in these figures may occur in the fifteenth; but even in the sixteenth, as it is well known, the prejudice was strongly in favour of the Roman numerals."

The patterns of naval uniforms, from their earliest date, figure in this No., on opening which, we fancied we had got into a publication of Moses and Son. The subject, however, is interesting enough for a considerable class of readers; and a few months' *Minutes* of the proceedings of the Association complete this very excellent No.



ADMIRAL SIR P. DURHAM.

Memoir of the Naval Life and Services of Admiral Sir Philip C. H. C. Durham, G.C.B., &c. By his Nephew, Captain A. Murray. 8vo. pp. 119. London, J. Murray.

A SIMPLE unadorned narrative of the public life of one of those heroes who most eminently distinguished the glorious naval service of England during wars of half a century in duration. Only debarred by circumstances from the supreme command in any of those great battles which exalted the names of a Howe, Hood, Jervis, Duncan, Nelson, Collingwood; in all else he was their equal; wonderful for promptitude, brave as his sword, astute in apprehension, and decisive in execution; in whatever station he was placed he displayed all the highest qualities of an illustrious sailor. His long career, from 1777, when he entered the navy, to the latest period when his devotedness could be useful to his country, was one series of gallant toils in every description of vessel and in almost every quarter of the world, gathering golden opinions from all ranks of men, and esteemed and honoured wherever esteem and honours could be coveted.

He was of an ancient Scottish family, and inherited an estate, Largo in Fifeshire, where a charming garden of no modern date nor forms, and beautiful grounds and scenery around, offered the relaxations from the fatigues of sea-life which must have been most grateful to the veteran in his later years.

The perils and escapes of his earlier career would serve for a romance; and among the rest, his being saved from the wreck of the *Royal George* may be reckoned one of the most remarkable. In the struggle in the waves, a marine twice bore him down, but he shook him off by tearing the waistcoat loose by which he clung; and it is mentioned as a curious fact, that the body of the poor fellow "was washed on shore about a fortnight afterwards, with the waistcoat firmly twisted round his arm; a pencil-case bearing Mr. Durham's initials was found in the pocket, and restored to its owner. Another interesting relic of the wreck was recovered during Colonel Pasley's operations in 1841, and which Sir Philip Durham identified as having been his property: it was a stamp he employed for marking his books, linen, &c. The types were in a perfect state of preservation, though they had been in the great deep for nearly sixty years."

A previous anecdote of the fine old admiral, Kempenfelt, who perished on this melancholy occasion, is thus related:

"He had been placed with his squadron under the command of Admiral Barrington, who sailed upon a cruise. Soon after sailing he got sight of another French squadron ahead. The only ship they got up with was the *Pégase*, which Captain Jervis, in the *Foudroyant*, engaged and captured in the night. The day after the capture of the *Pégase*, Captain Jervis being wounded, Kempenfelt sent Mr. Durham to inquire after him, saying, as he went out of the cabin, 'Young gentleman, take a good look at that officer; he is not a common captain of a man of war.' Many years later, after Captain Jervis was made Lord St. Vincent, Mr. Durham mentioned this to him, and he was so pleased that he ever afterwards shewed Mr. Durham the greatest friendship."

It is unnecessary to follow our noble-minded countryman throughout his important and successful career, during which, "besides being present at the capture of many ships by the fleets in which he sailed, he took the following with his own ship:—French: *L'Aigle*, 80 guns; *La Loire*, 46; *La Flore*, 32; *La Daphné*, 28; *L'Alcmene*, 44; *L'Iphigénie*, 44; *Le Zephyr*, 16; *La Champenoise*, 16; *Le Lion*, 14. Spanish: *San Juan*, 74. The following privateers:—French: *L'Afrique*; *Le Jason*; *Le Railleux*, 14 guns; *Le Hardi*, 18; *Le Boulonnais*; *La Trompeuse*, 18; *La Furie*, 14; *Le Vengeur*, 18. Spanish: *Gibraltar*; *Salvador*. And between fifty and sixty sail of merchantmen (taken or destroyed)."

And his taking leave of life was not inconsistent with its whole character. Having been deeply distressed by the sudden death of his lady, he sought some relief from foreign travel, and was seized with a fatal inflammation after being a week in Rome, but managed to get to Naples, where "symptoms of declining strength, accompanied by a very harassing cough, shewed themselves soon after his arrival. He was attended by Drs. Strange and Roskelli, two eminent physicians of that city, and they pronounced his state to be very precarious. His weakness continued to increase until he was apparently reduced to a state of complete bodily prostration. It was on the 31st of March, seeing the doctors remain by him the whole day, that his fears were first raised for himself, and he asked them whether there was any danger. The doctors answered that they still hoped he might do well, but expressed their fears of his recovery. This seemed to occasion him much surprise, but he resigned his mind with that calm and Christian assurance to the terrible intelligence which marked his conduct throughout his last moments, and simply said, 'Doctor, this is a short warning; I had not the least idea of death.' He was then lying on the sofa. Soon afterwards he summoned the last remnant of his strength, rose, and dressed himself, and sat at his table. He then proceeded, with the utmost composure, to name his dying requests to Mr. Bontein, who had never left him, and had shewn him the most unremitting attention during his fatal illness. He entered into the most minute details with respect to remembrances that he desired to be given to some of his intimate friends; he gave a written order to Mr. Bontein to take his body to Scotland, and even spoke of his monument in the church of his parish. The last words he dictated were, 'I now resign my body and soul into the hands of its original Maker, trusting to his mercy, now that I so earnestly call upon him.' To each of his bequests and instructions Sir Philip placed his signature in a firm hand. The sacrament was then administered at his desire; and, after having received it with the most marked attention, he rose and walked to bed unassisted. This was, however, but the dying effort that nature had made before she sank for ever, for almost immediately his strength seemed entirely to leave him; he lingered out a few hours between life and death, when the vital spark was extinguished without a struggle. Sir Philip Durham died on the 2d April, 1845, at the advanced age of 83."

His body was brought home and laid in the family vault at Largo.

HALLIWELL'S LETTERS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND. [Fourth notice.]

WE have been so much struck with the extreme individuality of the letters of James I., that we are tempted to prolong our notice of this part of the work; and we are sure our readers will not require an apology for an extension of our remarks on that very interesting period of English history. Perhaps one of the most curious problems in the whole range of historical inquiry may be instanced in the secret by means of which Somerset overawed his sovereign. No explanation, in any way satisfactory, fulfilling the various conditions of the enigma, has yet been propounded; not one that carries even probability on the face of it, and we fear this strange incident in the life of James will for ever remain an impenetrable mystery. That this secret was of an iniquitous nature there can, we imagine, be no doubt. Witness the following singular account, which Mr. Halliwell furnishes from a writer of great authority:

"We have before alluded to the supposition that James was afraid of some disclosure, and it may be as well to give from Weldon the principal evidence on which it is founded:—'And now, for the last act, enters Somerset himself on the stage; who (being told, as the manner is, by the lieutenant, that he must provide to go next day to his trial)

did absolutely refuse it, and said they should carry him in his bed; that the king had assured him he should not come to any trial, *neither durst the king bring him to trial.*' There does not seem to be much in these words, but those which the lieutenant heard produced so much effect, that it seems likely he heard more than he has repeated. 'This was in a high strain,' he continues; 'and in a language not well understood by Sir George More, lieutenant in Elwes' room, that made More quiver and shake; and however he was accounted a wise man, yet he was ne'er at his wits' end.' What he heard was sufficient to induce More to go to Greenwich, with intent to disturb the king at midnight—no reasonable hour at that period; and he is observed by one of the grooms 'bouncing at the back stairs as if mad.' He procured admission; and having given his information, the king falls into a passion of tears. 'On my soul, More, I wot not what to do. Thou art a wise man—help me in this great strait, and thou shalt find thou dost it for a thankful master.' This the king said, 'with other sad expressions; and the whole history forms rather a serious piece of sad court scandal.'"

The valuable unpublished MSS. at Lambeth Palace have furnished Mr. Halliwell's work with several curious and important documents on this subject. The king thus writes to Somerset on the very point to which we have alluded, the awe in which he was held by him:

"What shall be the best remedy for this, I will tell you; be kind. But for the easing of my inward and consuming grief, all I crave is, that in all the words and actions of your life you may ever make it appear to me, that you never think to hold grip of me but out of my mere love, and not one hair by force. Consider that I am a freeman, if I were not a king. Remember that all your being, except your breathing and soul, is from me. I told you twice or thrice, you might lead me by the heart and not by the nose. I cannot deal honestly if I deal not plainly with you. If ever I find that you think to retain me by one sparkle of fear, all the violence of my love will in that instant be changed into as violent a hatred. God is my judge, my love hath been infinite towards you; and the only strength of my affection towards you hath made me bear with these things in you, and bridle my passions to the uttermost of my ability. Let me be met, then, with your entire heart, but softened by humility. Let me never apprehend that you disdain my person and undervalue my qualities; and let it not appear that any part of your former affection is cold towards me. A king may slack a part of his affection towards his servant upon the party's default, and yet love him; but a servant cannot do so to his master but his master must hate him. Hold me thus by the heart; you may build upon my favour as upon a rock that never shall fail you, that never shall weary to give new demonstrations of my affection towards you; nay, that shall never suffer any to rise in any degree of my favour, except they may acknowledge and thank you as a furtherer of it, and that I may be persuaded in my heart that they love and honour you for my sake; not that any living shall come to the twentieth degree of your favour."

James's intimacy with the Duke of Buckingham, and the control over him possessed by the latter, is well known to every reader. The present volumes contain numerous letters which passed between them, and they are really most curious and entertaining. What historian could ever tell the tale so plainly as the following letters?

"James I. to the Duke of Buckingham.

"Sweet heart, blessing, blessing, blessing on my sweet Tom Badger's heart-roots, and all his, for breeding me so fine a kennel of young hounds, so fair and well shaped, and some of them so fine pretty little ones as they are worthy to lie on Steenie and Kate's bed, and all of them run together in a lump both at scent and view; and God thank the master of the horse for providing me such a number of fair useful horses, fit for my

hand; in a word, I profess I never was master of such horses and hounds: the bearer will tell you what fine running we had yesterday. Remember now to take the air discreetly; and for God's sake and mine, keep thyself very warm, especially thy head and thy shoulders; put thy park of Bewley to an end, and love me still and still; and so God bless thee, and my sweet daughter and god-daughter, to the comfort of thy dear dad.

JAMES R.
"Your old purveyor sent thee yesternight six partridges and two leverets. I am now going to hawk the pheasant."

It may be as well to remark that Tom Badger was one of Buckingham's nicknames, and that Kate was the duchess of Buckingham. Here follows another precious example of royal letter-writing, on the birth of Buckingham's daughter:

"James I. to the Duke of Buckingham.
"My only sweet and dear child,—Thy dear dad sends thee his blessing this morning, and also to his daughter. The Lord of heaven send you a sweet and blithe wakening, all kind of comfort in your sanctified bed, and bless the fruits thereof, that I may have sweet bedchamber boys to play with me (and this is my daily prayer), sweet hearty, when thy rises keep thee from importunity of people that may trouble thy mind, that at meeting I may see thy white teeth shine upon me, and so bear me comfortable company on my journey; and so God bless thee, hoping thou wilt not forget to read over again my former letter.

JAMES R.
One more will suffice. For others we must refer to the work itself.

"James I. to the Duke of Buckingham.
"Sweet hearty, when I made little Dick write my excuse to thee yesterday for not writing myself, I was very sick of a great flux that morning, but now, thank God, I am well in spite of thee; and having changed my purpose in resolving to stay here at Oaking till Monday, so earnest I am to kill more of Zouch's great stags, I summon thee to come here to-morrow, and let Kate and Sue go to Windsor, and meet me on Monday afternoon at Harrison's Heath hard with their bows. My Lord Percy is come out of France with better news than before; our standing to it has made them more reasonable; they are contented now with a letter and no mention of the holy Evangelists in it; thy letter did great good. How soon my son comes from Guildford I will send thee the paper. I send thee an excellent Barbary melon; in good faith, I had no melons, since thy parting, till yesternight. God bless thee and thine.

JAMES R.
The letters of the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, which Mr. Halliwell has given from the originals in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, are worthy companions to the above. They are mostly without dates, so our readers must not blame us for somewhat an incongruous selection.

"The Duke and Duchess of Buckingham to James I.
"Dear dad and gossip,—Though you commanded me to write no answer, yet, since I should not a slept well this night except I had done it, I hope you will excuse my disobeying of you at this time. I have been the longer a-doing of it, because I might send you the certain news of my health, which at this time is so good, what with your sweet cordial and my seasonable drawing of blood, that I hope to-morrow to wait of you a perfect man. I hope you will not be put to much pains to read this hand, since you have received so many love-letters from her who joins with me in humble thanks for your kindness, and care of us both. So, craving your blessing, we end your majesty's most humble slaves,

KATE, STEENIE."
"The Duke of Buckingham to James I.
"Dear dad and gossip,—In one of your letters you have commanded me to write shortly and merrily. I shall ever, and in all things, obey you. I humbly thank you for making able to get out of this beastly town. All the pleasure I have in it is, when I think how well you have got to Royston.

I hope your next will assure me of the like to Newmarket. I hate myself for forgetting to crave a blessing. I humbly thank you for chiding me that I asked none, and let not him be so punished as to be now refused a double one, who craves it with double-bended knees, but a single, entire, humble, and cheerful well-contented heart; and so I crave your blessing again, because you are not weary of giving to him that's your majesty's most humble slave and dog,

STEENIE.
"All is well with Kate and Mall. I have played six sets at maw with Sir John Ayres, and truly it's a very hard match. What shall I do, then, with him that eats cold custard with bunglers?"

It seems that the duchess dared not even wear her own child without craving permission of his Majesty! Here is the favour asked:

"The Duchess of Buckingham to James I.
"May it please your majesty,—I have received the two boxes of dried plums and grapes, and the box of violet cakes, and chickens, for all of which I most humbly thank your majesty. I hope my Lord Annan has told your majesty that I did mean to wean Mall very shortly. I would not by any means a done it till I had first made your majesty acquainted with it, and by reason my cousin Bret's boy has been ill of late, for fear she should grieve and spoil her milk, makes me very desirous to wean her, and I think she is old enough, and I hope will endure her weaning very well; for I think there was never child cared less for the breast than she does, so I do intend to make trial this night how she will endure it; this day praying for your majesty's health and long life, I humbly take my leave, your majesty's most humble servant,

K. BUCKINGHAM.
"For his Majesty."
With this extraordinary specimen we will conclude our notice of James's correspondence, merely observing that the collection contains many equally singular and curious, but too long for insertion in our columns. We have been guided in our extracts more by brevity than merit; and cannot refrain from recommending a perusal of that sovereign's letters to all our readers, feeling convinced they will be found at once instructive and amusing; in short, more so than any collection of historical letters that have ever been offered to the public, and probably the only ones that will be sincerely relished by the general reader.

A Dictionary of Modern Gardening. By G. W. Johnson, Esq., author of several Gardening Works. Pp. 704, double cols. R. Baldwin.

The author appears to have collected his materials from all quarters, and thus to have put together a great mass of useful information relative to every branch of gardening. Such compilations are not uncommon, and the latest do not always add to the intelligence and instructive guidance of what have gone before; but in the present case we think we may safely say, from reference to parts by way of test, due diligence has been bestowed in order to produce a work of very comprehensive and applicable utility.

Recreations in Shooting; with some Account of the Game of the British Islands. By Craven. Pp. 307. Chapman and Hall.

With a great many capital and characteristic wood-engravings by Branstons, after original drawings by Harvey, this is at once a very handsome and useful popular manual for sportsmen; especially for the younger aspirants for the glories of success in pursuit of the *fera natura* of our isles. Anecdotes and reminiscences afford variety to the instructions; and altogether we could not recommend a prettier nor a more convenient guide to the pocket or small travelling compendium of the visitors of highland hills or plashy lakes.

The Child's First Picture-Book. B. Steil.
A PENNY-book sent to us for review, and deserving it favourably, is a sign of the times, and of cheap literature!

A Selection from the Remains of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus; with Glossary and Prolegomena. By F. H. Ringwood, M.A. 8vo, pp. 118. Dublin, Hodges and Smith; London, Whittaker and Co. A VERY pleasant work, the selection judiciously made, and the whole presented to scholars in a very acceptable form.

Proceedings upon the Trial Miss Smith v. the Earl of Ferrers. 8vo, pp. 412. London, Pickering. THIS remarkable trial, a romance of real life, well deserved the permanent shape in which it is here offered to the public. The novel-market has not been so fully supplied this season as for years past, and this volume may occupy the place of one of the absentees.

Hand-Book of Anatomy for Students of the Fine Arts. By J. A. Wheeler. London, S. Highly. A VERY useful little manual, illustrated with woodcuts of the principal bones and muscles in the human form.

Bishop Heber and Indian Missions. By the Rev. James Chambers, B.A. Pp. 148. London, J. W. Parker.

A POPULAR summary or view of an interesting Christian subject, and making us briefly acquainted with the progress of Protestant missionary labours to the present time.

Life and Letters of St. Paul. Pp. 83. Liverpool, W. Webb.

A VERY useful and instructive arrangement of the Gentile apostle's second and third journeys, for the collegiate schools of Liverpool. Skeleton maps add to its value, as a very well-advised production to lead youth to scriptural knowledge.

Thornberry Abbey; a Tale of the Established Church. Pp. 169. Dolman.

A CONVERSION to the Romish faith made easy and pleasant in the shape of a novel.

The Life Everlasting; in which are considered the intermediate Life, the Man in Heaven, Angels, the final consummate Life. By J. Whitley, D.D. 8vo, pp. 399. Longmans.

THAT the soul existed before the body; becomes united with, and, if we may say, lives with the body; and finally is separated from and lives after the body, are the themes of this work. The author is strenuous against what he denounces as rationalism in religion and the interpretation of Scripture, and the sceptical application of science to interpret divine truths.

Letters on Puritanism and Nonconformity. By Sir J. B. Williams, Knt., LL.D., &c. Second Series. Pp. 271. London, Jackson and Walford.

THE author makes a stout case out for the Puritans, without, however, defending all their words or deeds. The extent of his reading among their works produces much curious evidence of circumstances which marked bygone times.

Illustrations of the Wisdom and Benevolence of the Deity as manifested in Nature. By H. Edwards, LL.D., D.D. Pp. 109. Reeve, Brothers.

ON a small scale and Paley principles, the writer has ingeniously evoked the latest advances of science to bring in proof of the Divine love for mankind, and adaptation of all for our earthly happiness.

Glendarg Cottage: a Tale concerning Church-Principles. By Miss Christmas. Pp. 140. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THERE are a fearful number of books of this kind published now: we wonder where (if?) they find readers, even in the wide-spread religious and sectarian world. Miss Christmas is a staunch Church-of-England writer, and her Cottage-tale is made to exemplify the merits of that church as superior to all others.

The Hippolytus of Euripides, with English Notes, &c. By C. D. Yonge, B.A. Pp. 120. Washbourne. A REPUBLICATION of one of the least generally circulated of the plays of Euripides, with good scholia, and worthy of a welcome by Greek readers.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 22d.—Sir R. I. Murchison "On the drift and erratic blocks of Russia, Scandinavia, and Northern Europe." After an introduction, in which he alluded to his discourse of last year upon the general geological structure of Russia and Scandinavia, Sir Roderick drew a marked distinction between the positive evidences then given of ancient geological succession and the surface-phenomena of this vast region, to which he now called attention. Pointing to an enlarged map, he explained how the superficial detritus of the crystalline rocks of Scandinavia and Lapland had, in a general sense, been transported in divergent directions and to vast distances from a great centre of dispersion. Shewing the extreme limits to which these fragments had been carried from their present seats in Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Lapland, across the Baltic into the plains of Russia, Germany, and Poland; and how they occupied *trainées*, each of them referable to a peculiar source: he then explained that such detritus (exclusive of all alluvia of older tertiary periods) consisted of two classes, which his last summer's observations in Sweden had enabled him more specially to distinguish in that country; viz. 1st, *rolled pebbles*, boulders, sand, and clay, or drift properly so called; 2d, *great erratic blocks*, for the most part angular, the former being invariably subjacent to the latter. This distinction becomes most apparent when the lines or "trainées" of detritus are followed northwards, from the south of Sweden to those regions in and around Dalecarlia, from whence great masses of them have been derived, where the water-worn and inferior detritus constitute the "osar" or gravel ridges of the low countries of Sweden, and are surmounted by the great angular blocks. In all this region (notably also in the Åland Isles and in Finland) the northern faces of the hard crystalline rocks are ground down and polished, often striated and grooved; whilst the southern faces of thousands of such low promontories present natural and rugged escarpments. Referring to the action of glaciers in the Alps, the "moraines" of which have striated and polished the rocks over which they have passed, Sir Roderick proceeded to shew how utterly inapplicable was such agency, as some authors supposed, to the enormous, flat, and undulating regions of which he was now treating. Explaining the demonstration of Prof. J. Forbes, derived from his researches in the Alps, that glaciers never can advance except by gravitation, and where they are urged into lower tracts by the continual accession of snow in lofty mountains at their back, and by its pressure in the form of ice accumulating upon their slopes, he then alluded to the remarkable fact, that, throughout the great region of southern Sweden, Finland, &c., where there does not exist a single mountain from which a glacier could have descended, there are thousands of examples of erosion infinitely more striking than any which have been commented upon in the loftiest Alpine tracts, whilst the grooving, polish, and striae of the rocks are equally, if not more, remarkable. Hence he inferred, that results to some extent, and often to a great degree identical in countries of such very different physical outlines, must have been produced by causes very different in themselves; and that, whilst the slow movement of Alpine glaciers scratches and polishes rocks with their imbedded stones and sand, the same effects (accompanied, however, by much more powerful abrasion) have been produced in Scandinavia by the violent transport of heavy masses of drifted materials, set into motion by waves of translation, caused by sudden upheavals of the bottom of the sea, and which, moving rapidly but steadily in given directions, have, by their weight and friction, produced results analogous to those left by the slow onward march of glaciers.

That all the superficial phenomena of central and southern Sweden were produced under subaqueous conditions, was held by Sir Roderick to be quite

as strictly ascertained as in respect to many masses of similar gravel in the British isles, both by the occasional intermixture of marine shells in this detritus, as also by its highly rounded and water-worn condition, and also by the occurrence of numerous banks of elevated sea-beaches replete with shells around the coasts of Sweden and Norway. In short, the *sine qua non* of the glacier theory, or the existence of high mountains, being absent on the one hand, with the presence, on the other, of satisfactory evidences of all these tracts having been submarine when the gravel was formed, completely exclude the application of the moraines of the Alpine theory to the regions in question.

Illustrating each case by a diagram, Sir Roderick shewed, that although striated and polished by some great general agency proceeding (as respects central and southern Sweden) from the north; there were, however, some essential distinctions between the worn and striated rocks of these regions and those affected by glaciers in the Alps; not only in their much more numerous "lee and weather" faces, but also in the peculiar manner in which the east and west sides of each hard Swedish promontory had been striated and polished to a certain distance only from the point at which the chief shock had been received; and he next pointed out the various exceptional cases, and explained how they had necessarily depended on the physical outline of the then bottom of the sea, as apparent in the present lands and lakes of Sweden. He further exhibited portions of Forsell's map of Sweden enlarged, to convince his auditors of the impracticability of forcing upon the mind (if even all other objections were answered), the theory that glaciers could ever have advanced over such very low and undulating tracts, at such great distances from any height deserving the name of a mountain, and announced that the general slope from the hilly tracts to the sea seldom exceeded 1-1000th, and never was greater than 1-500th, part of one degree of inclination.

The drift question being disposed of, and separated clearly from that of the moraines of land glaciers, it was then admitted, that, as glaciers still exist in the mountainous parts of Norway, so they most probably existed to a considerably greater extent in former times along the high grounds which now constitute the axis of the Scandinavian chain in Sweden and Lapland, forming there a long ridgy island, which it is supposed may have possessed very much the character of the present isle of Spitzbergen, and whence glaciers advance their edges on all sides into a glacial sea, which extended southwards far beyond the present limits of such seas. This last inference is based on the arctic character of the fauna of certain *pleistocene* shells in deposits of gravel, sand, &c. The transport of the great unworn and angular erratics which overlie the drift has been referred by Sir Roderick in the work on Russia (as previously in his *Silurian System*) to floating icebergs which were drifted away from the parent glaciers in the north; and a remarkable illustration of the manner in which one of these ancient icebergs was probably arrested on the sides and summit of a hill of sand and gravel, north of Upsala, and how the iceberg, urged southwards by the current, diminished in size, and eventually dropped its blocks on the summit and southern face of the hill, was then given.

The consideration of the enormous increase of angular blocks *in situ* on ridges of granite, gneiss, and porphyry, in tracts, north of Upsala, having been stated, Sir Roderick then called attention to a similar phenomenon along the eastern shore of the Lake Wenjan in Dalecarlia, where low undulations (never more than 100 or 200 feet above the lake) are absolutely covered with a chaos of angular flat-bedded sandstones, not one fragment of which has been transported, but each of which has been simply torn up from its subjacent parent bed, and piled up in a manner quite as chaotic as if the detritus were lying on the side of a lofty mountain or cliff. This very remarkable phenomenon, to

which no geologist has previously alluded, is on the great scale exactly analogous to that to which Sir Roderick has drawn the attention of the public, in the work on Russia, as occurring near the mouth of the great river Dwina near Archangel; where the water, insinuating itself into the laminae and joints of the white carboniferous limestone, breaks up that rock by its expansion into ice; and when the river bursts during the spring *débâcle*, heaves up the broken fragments, and on the summer subsidence of the stream, leaves them on its banks, exactly in the condition of the red sandstones alluded to in Dalecarlia. He further confirmed this view by appealing to other and similar ridges of great angular blocks *in situ*, and at different altitudes on the sloping banks of the Lake Onega in Northern Russia; and in terminating this part of the subject, he added, that whilst the far transported angular erratics were probably, for the most part, transported in icebergs derived from the land glaciers as above limited and described, many of the huge masses which cover the tracts north of Upsala may have been moved to short distances from their parent seats in ice-rafts, let loose by the periodical *débâcles* of a former sea, so shallow in numerous parts, as to allow the ice thus to affect the surface of the rocks, the higher parts of which formed islets, and the still loftier parts of which, further northwards, were occupied by insular glaciers like those of Spitzbergen. The distinction between ice-bergs and ice-rafts was then particularly dwelt upon, and their respective powers and agencies explained.

Sir Roderick concluded by reminding his hearers, that however recent the phenomena of Swedish drift and erratics might be in relation to the old geological history of the earth as narrated by the monuments of its successive inhabitants, and however much these superficial appearances brought us down to the period when terrestrial glaciers existed in limited portions of Northern Europe, such phenomena were, after all, of enormous antiquity when measured by the ordinary ideas of time and chronology. He then shewed that Scania, the southern province of Sweden, had been formerly tenanted by many creatures either of extinct forms or no longer found in it, which must have emigrated thither from Germany and the great continent, no such remains of creatures having ever been detected in the other parts of Sweden and Norway; and hence he inferred that, after all the submarine operations he had been adverting to, the bottom of the sea must have been raised up to form a great continent, of which Scania was a northern part, and that this great continent, having been peopled by numerous races of land animals, was subsequently rent in twain by the formation of the Sound. This latter view, Sir Roderick stated, was in perfect consonance with the recorded opinions of Professor Owen and Edward Forbes, as derived from their researches regarding the British Isles. The latter, by a combination of evidences regarding the arctic *faunes* of the submarine fauna antecedent to our own era, with very curious data respecting the isolation of arctic groups of plants in Britain, has come to the conclusion, that whilst certain boreal lands prevailed, a few summits only of our island were above the sea. This, as respects Britain, was the period when the icebergs and ice-rafts of Scandinavia floated southwards, and when a few insulated glaciers may have existed on our very highest mountains. Then followed the elevation of the sea-bottoms, and the formation of the continent of which our island formed a part, and from the centre of which continent, as Professor Owen has ably argued, the great extinct mammalia, as well as many species which now exist, were propagated; and after all these mutations came that enormous change by which the British and Irish Seas were formed and our country insulated as it now is—a physical condition which could not have existed during the natural migrations of many races of land animals. At the same time Sir Roderick maintained, that certain great regions like Siberia,

in which, as he has shewn, far-transported drift and ice-borne erratics are unknown, were tenanted for ages by mammoths and other large animals, and were above the waters, whilst the boulder-covered tracts were beneath them. In reference to these lost races it was observed, that of all the large mammalia whose bones are found in a fossil state, one species only, the bison or *Bos Aurochs* is still in existence, and in one forest of Lithuania only; a fact which has been completely established by Professor Owen, through the examination of a unique and splendid skeleton of the living herd, sent to England by the Emperor of Russia at the request of Sir Roderick Murchison, who seized this opportunity of announcing to the British public, that having, last year, expressed to his Imperial Majesty the vast interest which would be attached by Englishmen to the presence of a live specimen of this former companion of the mammoth in the Zoological Gardens of London, that sovereign had munificently authorised Count de Kissileff, the minister of the imperial domains, to order the capture of a young male and female of this race, for the purpose, if found possible, of having them transported to the Regent's Park. No dead nor living specimen of *Bos Aurochs* has ever been seen in Western Europe. The skeleton and stuffed specimen of the animal already sent by his Imperial Majesty are to be seen in the British Museum.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 25th. Anniversary Meeting.—Lord Colchester, president, in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected into the council:—W. J. Hamilton, Esq., M.P., as one of the vice-presidents; E. H. Bunbury, Esq.; Sir William Chatterton, Bart.; Viscount Eastnor; General Monteith; George O'Gorman, Esq.; Lieutenant Raper, R.N.; and E. O. Smith, Esq., as ordinary councillors, in place of one of the vice-presidents retiring from that office, and six other gentlemen going out of the council. His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Tuscany was elected by acclamation an honorary member of the society. The president then delivered the founder's gold medal to Count P. E. de Strzelecki for his explorations in the south-eastern portion of Australia; and for his work in which he has consigned the results of his observations; and the patron's gold medal to Prof. Middendorff for his explorations in northern and eastern Siberia under the greatest hardships and dangers. Prof. Middendorff being abroad, the medal was received for him by Sir R. I. Murchison. The president next delivered his anniversary address on the progress of geography during the past year. In the great room of the society were displayed two elaborately coloured maps, each being twenty-five feet long, of Van Diemen's Land and the south-eastern angle of Australia, by Count Strzelecki.

In the evening the members dined together with the Raleigh Club at the New Thatched-House Tavern, the chair being occupied by Sir R. I. Murchison, as president of the Raleigh Club and vice-president of the Geographical Society; the noble president not being able to attend, in consequence of the debate in the House of Lords. The usual loyal and several other toasts were given, and the utmost cordiality and good feeling prevailed at the social board.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 6th.—Mr. W. Spence in the chair. An extensive collection of works was presented to the library by the Rev. F. W. Hope. A letter was read from Sir G. Wilkinson, thanking the society for his election as a corresponding member. Capt. Parry exhibited a box of insects from the Gold-coast of Africa, containing many rare and interesting species, including specimens of *Goliathus coccineus*; a large and very remarkable beetle of great rarity, hitherto supposed to be peculiar to the Grain-coast; also some heads of seeds similar to millet, obtained from the interior of Southern Africa, nearly every

seed of which was attacked by a species of *Calandra*, or small weevil. Mr. F. Bond exhibited a specimen of *Phryxus hippolytes*, a remarkable parasitic crustacea, allied to *Bopyrus*, which had been found on the underside of the body of a white shrimp on the coast of Sussex. Mr. E. Doubleday exhibited a new species of *Papilio*, from tropical Africa, in the collection of Mr. Loddiges; and also some new genera allied to *Polyommatus* and *Agarista*, collected in New Zealand by Mr. Angas, whose drawings are at present exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. Mr. Ingpen exhibited a specimen of the vegetative wasp from Mexico; and Mr. S. Stevens a new British moth, the true *Graphiphora tristigma* of Ochsenheimer, which he had reared from a caterpillar found upon the blossoms of the swallow.

The following memoirs were read: "A monograph of the carabidæ genera *Adelotopus*, *Pseudomorpha*, &c.," by Mr. J. O. Westwood; "Descriptions of some new species of *Piketicus* from the island of Ceylon, which agree with the West Indian species in the habits of the larva, forming movable cases within which they reside," by Mr. R. Templeton; "Descriptions of three new exotic insects," by Mr. A. White, by whom some observations were made on the geographical distribution of insects in New Zealand as compared with North America.

P.S. The paper read at the last meeting in opposition to the views of Dr. Badham concerning insect-life was written by Mr. J. W. Douglas.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 30th.—The Rev. H. Roberts, M.A., of Magdalen College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—*Master of Arts*.—The Rev. C. C. Adams, Merton College. *Bachelors of Arts*.—J. Bridge, C. H. Chevallier, Trinity College; T. H. Bushnell, Pembroke College; T. H. Bakewell, Magdalen Hall.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

May 28th.—Mr. Hallam in the chair. A paper by Mr. Hunter, "On the site of the ancient Campodunum," was read. The new law relating to the method of election at the anniversary meeting was carried without opposition. The proposal of Mr. Hunter, that the election of the council should first be made and announced before the society proceeds to the election of the officers, was next put to the ballot, and the numbers for and against were found to be equal; whereupon the chairman, observing that he thought that the proposed change would only give unnecessary trouble, gave his casting vote against it. The statement of the receipts and disbursements of the Anglo-Saxon committee was laid before the society, and caused a rather warm discussion, in the course of which it was disclosed that the balance in hand stated in the auditor's report was fictitious, and that there was not only a very trifling balance, but there was still several outstanding debts unpaid. The proposed grant of 300*l.* for binding books in the library was then put to the vote and carried, although with rather a numerous minority. Mr. Pettigrew thereupon moved that, for the purpose of rendering the library of more general utility, the books should be allowed to circulate among the members, subject to such exceptions as the council might judge necessary. This motion was seconded by Mr. Stapleton, and carried by a very large majority. Dr. Henderson suggested that it would be desirable that notice should be given on the preceding evening of the papers that were to be read before the society, in order that the members might come prepared to discuss them. Sir Henry Ellis said he should be glad to be able to give such notice, but that he could not get any papers, and, in fact, that all he had in prospect for the next evening was a very brief note from the Dean of Hereford, relating to the digging of a grave in Hereford Cathedral. In fact, it is understood that the Fellows of the society on whom it depends most for contributions, feeling themselves aggrieved in many ways

by the position in which they have been placed by one or two persons who exercise considerable influence on the council, have determined to hold back their communications until they see reason to be better satisfied.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

May 27th. Council Meeting.—Seven new associates were elected, including Mr. Stanfield, R.A., and Capt. Guise, of Elmore Court near Gloucester, who was elected at the same time a local member of the council. An additional letter on the Roman pottery was received from Mr. Artis. Papers were received from Mr. Keats on the Roman pottery, and on the brasses of which rubbings had been exhibited the previous public meeting. Mr. Baylis exhibited a very remarkable and profusely carved wooden tankard, of the kind known as peg tankards; it is said to have come originally from Gloucester, and is an article of some rarity in England. The Rev. F. C. Husebeth, of Cossey, near Norwich, communicated a rubbing of an early inscribed date in Arabic numerals. Mr. Dunthorne presented a drawing of the brass of William de Brews and his wife (1489) in Tressingfield Church, Suffolk, chiefly curious for the head-dress of the lady. Mr. Smith read a list of coins discovered recently, at or near Castor, in Northamptonshire. Mr. Smith announced that steps had been taken to stop the destruction of the small chapel near the toll-bar at Kingsland, until it could be ascertained how far its preservation be desirable or practicable. Mr. Croker announced that, at the request of the Association, steps had already been taken by the Admiralty to save from destruction the Roman station at Caistor, near Norwich, threatened, as we stated in our last, by a railway. Mr. Smith announced that partial excavations had just been made in Finch Lane, in the City, which had brought to light various Roman remains, among which was a sculptured head in freestone. These excavations, Mr. Smith observed, confirmed the evidence already furnished by discoveries in other parts, that the general disposition of the streets in modern London had nothing whatever to do with that of the Roman city. In the excavations in Finch Lane, large walls of houses ran direct across the street, and remains of tessellated pavements of the rooms, some fragments of which he had obtained, were found under the street. Mr. Smith stated that he had also obtained lately a number of curious medieval articles in cuir-bouilli, found in different parts of the city, which, after they had undergone the process necessary for their preservation, and he had time to decipher the inscriptions and ornaments impressed upon them, he intended to exhibit before the Association. Mr. Inskip exhibited impressions of two medieval seals, lately found. Mr. Williams communicated notes relating to antiquities at Colchester. Other communications were laid on the table from Sir Francis Myers, the Rev. Mr. Traherne, Messrs. Combs, Golding, Wilkins, Impey, Price, &c.

The council of the British Archaeological Association are making active preparations for the congress to be held at Gloucester in the first week in August. We understand that among the papers provided for that occasion are the following:—On Gloucester Cathedral, by Mr. Cresy; on the New Inn at Gloucester, ancient hostels, and old timber-houses, by Mr. Britton; on domestic Architecture, by Mr. Fairholt; on the Roman Roads in Gloucestershire, by Mr. Hatcher; on the Roman Antiquities of Wroxeter, by Mr. Dukes; on the Roman Antiquities of Cirencester, by Mr. Roach Smith; on Robert of Gloucester, by Mr. Halliwell; on the Hereford Map as illustrative of the state of geographical knowledge in the middle ages, on Geoffrey of Monmouth, and on Monkish Miracles as illustrative of history, by Mr. Wright; an essay on Mural Painting as formerly used in churches, by Mr. Waller; besides others on various interesting subjects by Sir Samuel Meyrick,

the Rev. J. Montgomery Traherne, Messrs. Crofton Croker, Planché, Gomonde, Pretty, Cole, Bateman, &c. The members of the Gloucestershire Archaeological Association, it appears by the *Cheltenham Looker-on*, intend holding their meetings during the ensuing year at Gloucester, in order to aid more effectually the parent institution. Several of them, it is understood, are preparing communications for the approaching congress, as well as exhibitions of local antiquities. All papers intended to be read should be forwarded to the general secretaries in London, as well as the particulars of exhibitions.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE last *Cheltenham Looker-on* gives a good report of the annual meeting of this association, at which the president, Mr. Gomonde, took the chair. Interesting papers were read by him on the brasses and other monumental remains in the county; by Mr. T. Niblett on the encaustic tiles in Gloucester Cathedral; and by the secretary, Mr. Bucknan, on St. Kenelm's Chapel, Salop, and carvings and frescos illustrative of that saint's legend. The meeting then resolved into committee, in which it was moved by Dr. Conolly, and carried *nem. con.*, "That, as the General Archaeological Association was about to hold its annual meeting, in August, in the city of Gloucester, with the view of a more effective co-operation of the general and local societies, it was expedient that the meetings of this association be for the ensuing year held in that city." Other resolutions in furtherance of this object were adopted; and Captain Guise, of Elmore Court, was requested to accept the office of president of the Gloucestershire Association for the ensuing year.

The adoption of these propositions, and the local co-operation thence ensured, must tend much to give effect to the Gloucester meeting of the general body, with the Duke of Beaufort and Earl Berkeley at their head.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

May 16th.—The twenty-third anniversary meeting was held this day, under the presidency of the Earl of Auckland. The secretary read the annual report, which began by a statement of the changes among the members occurring since the last year by deaths, retirements, and elections. Concise accounts of some of the most distinguished of those whose deaths were stated followed this announcement. Major G. Broadfoot, one of the victims of the recent Sikh war, was first commemorated, as an officer whose extensive acquaintance with the people and languages of India gave hopes of rich accessions to the stores of Oriental knowledge, which had been disappointed by his death. Sir Herbert Compton was gratefully mentioned as having actively supported and encouraged the pursuit of historical and antiquarian research, as well as the advancement of objects of general interest and utility, not only in India, where he successively filled eminent situations at the bar, and on the bench in each of the three presidencies, but also in this country, by his active co-operation with the society in all that it endeavours to effect. Sir Jeremiah Bryant was for many years a zealous member of the parent society in Bengal; and he brought to this society the same ardour for the promotion of its objects as he had evinced in India. Sir James Carnac was not only a valuable friend to the society as an individual member, but in his high office of Chairman of the Court of Directors he showed every disposition to forward the claims of this society to public support. Colonel Burney was well known as an excellent scholar in several Oriental languages, particularly those of Ultra-Gangetic India, where his peculiar acquisitions made him eminently useful in some of the most eventful periods of our Indian history. He was a member of the distinguished literary family of that name, and he proved himself worthy of the connection. He was a valuable officer in several ne-

gotiations with Malay and Siamese chiefs; and when the war with Ava broke out, he proceeded as envoy to Siam, where the result of his negotiations was perfectly satisfactory to the Indian Government. Among other subjects of congratulation, he procured the liberation of 1400 Burmese and Peguan slaves, who had been carried off by the Siamese, and who were thus restored to their homes. It is a subject of regret that the full account of this mission still remains in *ms.*; but it is understood that the society will do all they can to promote its publication. In 1829, Colonel Burney was nominated permanent resident at the Burmese court—an office of much delicacy, which he filled in such a way as to win the confidence of both governments. During his residence in Ava he applied himself to the collection of information respecting the history, geography, and antiquities, as well as to the manufactures, commerce, and statistics of that country; and a list of papers published in the *Bengal Asiatic Journal*, together with an historical review of the relations between British India and Ava, shewed some of the results of his observations. Copy of a Pali Dictionary, compiled under his superintendence, is deposited in the Bodleian Library. Colonel Burney quitted Ava for Europe in 1838, in consequence of ill health. In 1842 he returned to India, where he died last year.

The death of W. A. Von Schlegel occurred before the last anniversary; but it was then too recent to admit of any obituary review. Since then, various notices of the distinguished career of that illustrious scholar have appeared. The council, however, could not pass by the opportunity of affording their tribute of praise to an Oriental scholar in whom that qualification was superadded to what was already an European reputation for general erudition and profound criticism, rarely surpassed. The publication of the *Hitopadesa* and *Ramayana* were adverted to; and due praise given to the remarkable correctness with which they were edited. To the impulse given by these publications of Schlegel, and to the influence of his *Indische Bibliothek*, the extensive cultivation of Oriental literature throughout Germany was ascribed.

The expected publication of the great Persian Inscription of Major Rawlinson was then brought under review; and a concise sketch given of the European history of these remarkable monuments, the accounts of which were first brought to the notice of the learned about 200 years ago. The attempts made to decipher these curious inscriptions were then stated, beginning with that of Grotefend, in 1802, and continued with repeated additions to our knowledge of the character and language until the present time, when Major Rawlinson has completed the work by procuring a copy of a long and most interesting document, the difficulties of which have deterred all former scholars; and by making such profound and laborious investigations into its character and language as have enabled him to give a complete translation of the whole, with a grammar and dictionary of the language in which it was written.

The council then alluded to the Kapur-di-Giri Inscription, of which the final examination was being made by Professor Wilson. The *fac-simile* of the inscription would be accompanied by that of the Girnar tablets; and the curious facts of their general conformity, and of their concurrence in specifying the names of Antiochus and other Greek monarchs, would be put beyond question.

The formation of a branch society on the island of Ceylon was announced with much satisfaction; and hopes were expressed that the historical traditions and the ancient remains still existing in that island would now be on the way to receive a full investigation; and that the productions of the region, the character of the people, their manners, languages, their industry, and commercial habits would be brought to the knowledge of others besides those who came in contact with them. Advancement was made to the establishment of a medi-

cal society at Hong Kong, with which the council was in correspondence, and from which valuable information was to be expected.

The financial condition of the society was then stated to the meeting; and the announcement of another donation of 100*l.* to the funds, by Mr. J. Alexander, was received with great gratification.

The report of the operations of the Oriental translation-fund committee then followed. It was announced that the office of chairman, vacant by the death of Sir G. Ouseley, had been accepted by the Earl of Clare. A list of the works in the course of publication and preparation was then read, comprising, among others, an additional portion of Quatremère's "Histoire des Sultans Mamlouks de Makrizi;" part of the third volume of Ibn Khallikan's Biographical Dictionary; the fourth volume of the great work, "Haji Khalfæ Lexicon Encyclopædium et Bibliographicum;" the second portion of Baron Hauner's translation of the "Travels of Eoliya Effendi;" and a posthumous work of Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., entitled "Biographical Notices of Persian Poets, &c.;" with a memoir of Sir Gore by the Rev. J. Reynolds.

The notice of the proceedings of the committee of the Oriental Text Society shewed increased activity; and a confidence was expressed that the subscribers would find reason to be well satisfied with the publications issued. The near appearance of the "Dāsa Kumāra Charita," and of another portion of the "Sharistāni," was announced; and the two poems of Abli of Shiraz were stated to be ready for the press. It was also stated that the offer of Prof. Forbes to edit the "Hadikah of Senāi" had been accepted. A donation of 100*l.* to the funds, by Mr. J. B. Elliott, of Calcutta, for the purpose of publishing the Khamsahs of Nizāmi and Jami, was then announced; and it was stated that Professor Falconer was actively engaged in preparing Jami's first poem for the press.

Votes of thanks were then passed to the officers of the society; and a ballot took place for new members of council and officers of the society. The result was that all the officers were re-elected; and that Mr. N. Bland, Mr. S. Ball, General Gallo-way, C.B., Mr. J. M. Macleod, General W. Morrison, M.P., Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart., and Sir Henry Willock, were elected into the council.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.
Wednesday.—Geological, 8½ P.M.; British Archaeological, 8½ P.M.
Thursday.—Zoological, 3 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution (Rev. J. Barlow "On the laws of sight and the stereoscope"), 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

No. 42, "Ruth and Naomi," F. S. Drioli, a clever work in the style of the Italian masters.

No. 43, "Mid-day," landscape, W. F. Witherington, R.A.; 433, "Harvest-time," the same, are, especially the latter, in which great difficulties are happily surmounted, very able examples of the artist's skill. No. 516, "The Saving of Roland Græme," on the contrary, is, in our judgment, out of his line, and but a mediocre performance. We cannot recognise truth in the dog and body of the half-drowned youth.

No. 44, "Mrs. F. P. Barlow," F. Newenham; 92, "Mrs. F. Mowatt," the same; and 222, "Mrs. General Salter."—These three portraits speak very promisingly of a rising artist. Good likenesses and simplicity of treatment are their strong recommendations.

No. 75, "Hon. J. H. D. Astley," S. Lane.—A whole-length, and also a very favourable specimen in this branch of art.

No. 87, "Rabbit-shooting," H. J. Boddington.—Excellently done; a true representation of the scene and the sport.

No. 132. "Portrait of S. Cartwright, Esq." J. Wood.—Rather too high for just appreciation, but visible enough to enable us to say it is a striking and characteristic likeness, and one that does credit to the artist.

No. 139. "The Thames, Kingston." R. H. Hilditch.—The only one within sight of several apparently very pleasing natural sketches of rural scenery.

No. 155. "A Landscape on the Thames," R. Colls, deserves like notice and praise.

No. 156. "Red Deer ridden, by Kitchener," &c. A. Cooper, R.A.—Gilpin himself could not have painted a more correct and perfect portrait of the high-mettled racer. Four others by the same hand bear equal marks of his fidelity and talent.

No. 186. "From the Highland Widow." A. Fraser.—A very spirited embodiment of a situation in the *Chronicles of the Canongate*; full of the wildness of the scene and the energy of the character. "Tam o' Shanter," No. 626, by the same, would do well to pair with it, presenting Scott's nationality in a gayer mood. We have other Scottish pieces to notice before we close this review.

No. 194. "The Duke of Wellington." Count D'Orsay.—Gentlemanly, like, and retaining the exact expression of his Grace in the private circles honoured by his presence, we are glad to hear that Mr. Mitchell has secured this portrait for engraving. There are so many caricatures of the Duke, that we shall rejoice to have him *au naturel*, and in his habit as he lived, the blue ribbon crossing his breast, in the costume in which he usually appears. 1477, a statuette of the Emperor of Russia, and 1479, a model of a statue of the Marquess of Anglessey, afford other proofs of the fine taste and talent of this distinguished amateur. In these small designs no one can surpass him.

No. 208. "Duke of Northumberland." J. Lucas.—This, 442, a "Portrait of Robert Stephenson, Esq.," and 463, "The Earl of Cawdor," are all worthy of the artist. There is much dignified simplicity in the first, a whole-length; and the others possess force and character of a very high order, and are pleasing in colour and general effect.

No. 215. "A Roadside Cottage." J. Stark.—One of his sweet productions; redolent of nature, and enlivened by the grouping of art. No. 665 is another example.

No. 223. "F. W. Pott, Esq." Miss M. Gillies, and a great credit to a female hand. The lady has also, in other rooms, several fair examples of her talents.

No. 276. "Portrait of Mrs. Maher." N. J. Crowley.—This is a well-painted and clever portrait; but the head appears to us to be exceedingly small for the length of the figure. Yet the lady is "fair," and her dress brilliant.

No. 298. "Portraits of the Daughters of Dr. Chambers." J. Holland, A.—A chaste and sisterly group, executed with much feeling. No. 437, "Drake knighted by Queen Elizabeth," is an essay on a greater scale, and full of good parts. The costume is carefully studied, and, with the figures, well disposed for general effect. The portraits are historical; but we think the whole somewhat too fine. When mellowed by time it will be a better picture.

No. 336. "Mrs. Cowling." B. R. Faulkner, is a sound portrait; but the more interesting one is 583, "Mrs. Crook," forty-four years matron of the Freemasons' Charity School, painted by voluntary subscription to adorn that institution. The good this worthy person has done, the infinite care she has bestowed during so long a term on the orphan children entrusted to her charge, well deserved this tribute; and we rejoice to point to it as an example to others to go and do likewise.

No. 372. "S. Tudor, Esq., aged eighty-three." P. Corbett.—A small portrait, but of large desert. The artist need do nothing better in this way.

No. 374. "The Introduction of Flora Macdonald to Prince Charles." A. Johnston.—One of the most gifted of the painters of Scottish subjects,

Mr. Johnston has chosen the period when 30,000*l.* was offered for the apprehension of the Prince, to whom his future heroic guide is here presented in the midst of his few and faithful followers. It is truly a Highland and a graphic scene. The garb of old Gaul chequers and brightens its darker features; and the various emotions of the individuals present are told with truth and feeling. Flora is admirably conceived; and if we say that we consider the Prince himself to be the least fortunate impersonation of the group, we have stated our honest opinion. Nevertheless, it is altogether a well-chosen subject, and would make a popular engraving.

No. 383. "Kathleen," a portrait by J. Lilley. A fanciful and beautiful little design: one of the most tasteful in these rooms, and sweet and harmonious in colour, and charming in countenance and expression.

No. 400. "St. Augustine preaching to Ethelbert and Queen Bertha." G. E. Sintzenick.—We have noticed this young artist before; and the present is not a step, but a stride, in the right direction. Much, of late, as this subject has been treated, we know of no instance superior to this. The Saint appears pure and holy, and the royal pair attentive and fervent. It is evident that his doctrines must produce a mighty change in them and the country over which they rule. The spectators and accessories are all well managed, and contribute to the reality of the sacred scene.

No. 416. "The Sick Child." J. W. King.—A touching idea, and very tenderly wrought out. The artist displays not only feeling in the conception, but taste and skill in the execution.

No. 422. "Fruit." F. T. Baynes.—An admirably painted specimen of this branch of art; natural in appearance, and rich in colour.

No. 424. "Scene from the Gospel of St. Luke," J. Z. Bell, is the washing of the Saviour's feet by the woman of the city; and rather poor in composition. The woman is awkwardly engaged, as if so put for the sake of the painting, and not for the labour of love with which she is occupied; and the Christ is not of a high order of art.

No. 425. "John baptising in the Wilderness," H. B. Ziegler, is rather too high up to be critically examined, but appears to be a good picture of its class.

No. 449. "Lady Beauvale," J. Partridge, is a sterling portrait of the right kind.

No. 450. "Bellinzona." W. Linton.—An expansive and delightful Italian landscape, with the sunny atmosphere of the country spread over it. Mr. Linton has not produced a finer work.

No. 451. "Madonna and Child." W. Dyce, A.—Sweetly painted, with more of the softness of old Italy than the force of nature. What we said of Mr. Eastlake applies to Mr. Dyce, and the school now forming on their models, as they form themselves on the old masters, rather than on nature.

GREAT WATER-COLOUR PAINTING.

THERE is exhibiting in Bond Street by far the largest specimen of water-colour painting ever attempted since that art was begun; being no less than 20 by 12 feet. It is by Mr. J. M. Burbank, and represents the angel delivering Daniel from the lions, *shut the lions' mouths*, but has grouped them on either side, as subdued by Divine interposition; though some are still shewing the carnivorous nature of the appetite which would otherwise have destroyed the prophet. The animals are executed with great vigour, and brought out in a style of perfect portraiture and nature, their eyes beaming as with life. The figure of Daniel in the centre is full of devotion and elevation; chaste and brilliant in colouring; the countenance full of expression, and the conjoined hands really beautiful in drawing and tone. The angel is also finely imagined, and the effects throughout extraordinary, when we consider the medium by which they are produced; for the picture is a pure water-colour,

without body-colour in any part. The principal lights are the white paper on which it is done; and other lights are picked out of the colours laid on, such as the brighter tints among the prevailing brown of the lions' skins. Viewed altogether, it is a great effort; quite unparalleled in its school, and consequently curious, as well as meritorious, and worthy of a study by those who feel an interest in extraordinary labours even when less successful in producing novel features than in the present instance.

Bob Thin; or, the Poor-House Fugitive. By W. J. Linton. Illustrated by T. Sibson, W. B. Scott, E. Duncan, W. J. Linton. 1845. Pp. 39.

A LITTLE democratical, not a little satirical, generally doggrel, and, towards the close, where most imaginative, not a little obscure,—what praise can we justly bestow on this performance? It is about the cleverest thing we ever saw for its marginal illustrations on every page! The whim, the variety, the applicability, the draughtsmanship, and the invention of these figures are quite charming. They are of a peculiar genius, it is true, and not aiming often beyond the burlesque; but they do belong to genius, and, in some instances, display as much grace and beauty as in general they exhibit wit and humour. We cannot describe them as they illuminate the text. There is King Henry kicking out the monks; Queen Bess making the tail of the letter S; the feudal baron and serf only the first letter of the alphabet; knights tilting, a capital H; the curfew knell, a praying L; a most grotesque emblazonment of the royal arms, an M; and a hundred others, of which we cannot convey a notion, all contributing to one purpose in a delightfully artistic style and manner. To sum up, it is one of the most amusing publications of its kind to lay upon the library, drawing, or waiting-room table, which has at any time issued from the press. There need be no vacant hour where it can be had to pore over.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, May 26, 1846.

"CHECK-MATE." Such is the alluring title of a comic drama in five acts, and in prose, produced yesterday at the theatre of the Odéon. Written by a nephew of the actor and lessee, Bocage, it was naturally admitted beforehand in virtue of family affection; and yet it is evident that the young author has devoted to it as much scrupulous care and labour as if it had to undergo the ordeal of the most fastidious reading committee. I will endeavour to convey to you some idea of it, and you will have the privilege of giving an account of the play in London before our *feuilletonistes* of Monday—the Monday is specially devoted to theatrical notices—have yet mended their pens for that delicate work.

Albuquerque—the great Albuquerque—after his return a conqueror from the Indies, subjected by him to the crown of Spain, shines most brilliantly at the court of Philip IV. The Comte-Duc of Olivares, jealous of his renown, has sworn his ruin. Olivares has also resolved to ruin a poor young fellow, of a good family, a lover and a poet, called the Comte de Mediana. The imprudent swain has dared to cast his eyes even as high as the Queen herself, and the Queen has listened to his vows of love. If this intrigue be discovered, Mediana is a dead man, and Olivares has his revenge for the satires directed by this courtier and poet against his administration. This is only one half of the plot. Philip the Fourth, unfaithful to his wife, has projected the seduction of a noble young lady, the Duchess of Sidonia-Celli, whom poverty has compelled to accept the post of maid of honour to the Queen. Besieged by the King and by Olivares, the virtuous girl resists their efforts; but foreseeing the issue of this unequal contest, she thinks of retiring into a convent. To prevent her accomplishing this design, and to

ruin her, Olivares spreads most calumnious reports, and seeks to represent her as enamoured of Albuquerque, for whom the Duchess, who has never seen him save in public, feels nought beyond admiration, not unminged with friendship—admiration for the hero, friendship for the old companion in arms of her father.

The reports circulated of their pretended intimacy, and the consequent apprehended marriage, sound disagreeably in the ears of Albuquerque. He endeavours to put an end to them by chastising with the sword some of those by whom they are propagated; but at the close of a pathetic explanation with the young Duchess, who returns thanks for his generous protection, he suddenly decides upon an extreme measure. The best means, he says, indeed the only way, to impose silence to calumny is to substantiate it. Thereupon he solicits the hand of the young girl, to whom he will act as a father. Philip IV. hastens to authorise this union which, from the age of Albuquerque, his rather morose disposition, and his aversion to marriage, must forward the designs of the royal seducer. Such is also the opinion of Olivares.

But they have reckoned without their host: once married, the witty Albuquerque has very soon found out the dangers that threaten his honour, and displays in counteracting the stratagems of his enemies as much perseverance and address as they evince of cunning and tenacity. The King and his minister strive in vain to put off his guard this vigilant, this clever husband; invariably do they find him in the way, invariably does he detect their secret designs and countermines their dark manoeuvres. Yet this is but one-half of his task. In fact, he has equally penetrated the mad passion of Mediana for the Queen—a passion the more perilous that it is fervently reciprocated. And as he was also the friend of the father of Mediana, as he has seen that father, in exactly similar circumstances, murdered by the satellites of Philip III., he wishes, above all, to preserve from the same fate the young madman blinded by his love. But this portion of his double part is rendered more arduous by the fact that Mediana, proud and discreet as a Spaniard always is, will neither reveal his love to, nor listen to the prudent counsel of, the friendship of whose origin he is ignorant. However, Albuquerque contrives to save him, in spite of every thing and every body, without his knowledge, in spite of himself, and at the very moment when Olivares has already laid his hand upon his victim.

Philip IV. finds himself then checked in presence of the Duchess of Albuquerque, saved by her husband from the dangers to which her virtue is exposed; and, on the other hand, by a just compensation, the Comte de Mediana, beloved by the Queen, may well pass for having mated the king of Spain. Thus the piece bears out its title, borrowed from the technical terms of chess.

Bocage, an intelligent and clever actor, played admirably the part, half jocose, half sad, of the Duke of Albuquerque. He rendered perfectly the sentimental and caustic character of that hero—a courtier, both fervent and a man of the world, without illusions, and yet not without a warm heart. He was much applauded; and his new play, abounding in ingenious details, in smart writing—far superior, by the way, in every point to the last pieces produced by the Théâtre Français—proves beyond a doubt that the Odéon, well managed, can render to young literature the most signal services, by revealing talents which the want of support, intrigue, and the ignorance of comedians, would for ever divert from the *Première Scène Française*.

Ibrahim Pasha continues to be for the Parisians the occasion of fêtes and exhibitions. Last Thursday, M. de Salvandy, Minister of Public Instruction, gave him a splendid concert, where he was made to hear a *cantate*, composed expressly for the occasion—the words by M. Leon Halevy, the music by M. F. Halevy (the author of *La Juive*). Ibra-

him, while the singing was going on, had before him the Turkish translation of this poetical effusion, and he appeared much moved by it, if we are to believe some of the initiated. See here what touched him so keenly:

"Les Plages du Nil."

Lorsque, du haut des Pyramides
Quarante siècles écoulés
Contemplaient nos chefs intrépides
Et nos soldats prédestinés,
On vit, au bruit de notre armée,
Une ombre sortir des tombeaux;
C'était l'Egypte, ranimée,
Saluant ainsi nos drapeaux:

Plage du Nil, renais à l'espérance,
Terre sacrée, au fécond souvenir,
Reveille-toi!—l'étendard de la France
Ouvre à ses fils les champs de l'aveoir."

Fancy the emotion of the fierce conqueror of the Wechabites before this poetry, inflated with commonplace and allusions totally incomprehensible to him!

Yesterday, indeed, well and good. He was shewn a spectacle which he is capable of appreciating in its grandeur and beauty. Thirty thousand soldiers assembled in the vast space of the Champ de Mars, marched and manoeuvred before him. No fewer than four hours were required for these masses of armed men to take up a position, who, if placed in one single file, would have extended five leagues in length. The marching alone occupied two hours. We have heard marvels of the precision, good order, and neatness of the manoeuvres.

A few English officers, in scarlet uniform, assisted at this imposing exhibition. It appears that one of them, more conspicuous than the rest, attracted the malevolent attention of some of the junior members of the populace, and that these latter indulged in some insulting manifestations, hissing and groaning before the shewy coat, whose colour offends the eyes of bulls and gamins. The officer, then, raising himself on his stirrups, and smiling at the outrage, waved his hat as if in recognition of joyous and welcome huzzas. At Paris, no more is wanted than a little good spirit and good grace to win the favour of all around. The spectators immediately applauded, and unanimous bravos avenged your countryman of the antipathy which had been first shewn to him.

Amongst the books recently published, I notice an excellent translation of the work of Prescott, on the "History of Mexico, and its Conquest by the Spaniards." It appeared under the auspices of M. Amédée Pichot, editor of the "Revue Britannique," and gives him an additional title to the gratitude of men of letters. M. Philartète Chasles, one of our most erudite critics, and one of those who study with most success English literature, is at this moment engaged in gathering together the works disseminated by him in our reviews, and especially in the "Revue des deux Mondes." In these volumes, in which the groundwork belongs a little to every body, to Macaulay, to Lockhart, to Stephens, &c. &c., but where the witty form belongs more exclusively to him, is condensed the purest quintessence of your modern criticisms. It would be well if one of your more experienced *collaborateurs* revised and checked with care the *Collectanea* of M. Philartète Chasles.

The "French Society for the Preservation of Historical Monuments" has decided that the archaeological congress for 1846 shall be held in the town of Metz, and that it shall open on Monday the 1st of June. City of Gaul, Roman municipal town, capital of the kingdom of Austrasia, next of the kingdom of Lorraine, and lastly, an episcopal town, free and imperial before its definitive annexation to France in 1522,—Metz offers many curious monuments to the studies of archaeological inquirers. We will mention two of the foremost, the Aqueduc de Jouy, one of the finest relics of those gigantic works scattered by Roman hands over the soil of Gaul; and the Cathedral of Metz, which for its elevation, its boldness and lightness, the grace of its architectural forms, the splendour

of its painted glass, contends for the palm with the most majestic Ministers of Christianity.

The "French Society" has decided that, before separating, the archaeological congress shall visit Trèves. This trip, which may be effected in a few hours by the steamers of the Moselle, will add much interest to the meeting of 1846.

GERMANY.

On Translation.

[Continued from p. 482.]

Our remarks on this subject would be incomplete, were we not to refer to another fertile source of error in translations from the German. This language possesses an almost inexhaustible store of wealth in its power of compounding words, and in being able, by the addition of a particle (*er, ab, ver, &c.*) to a verb, to vary its sense materially, and to express in one word what in English could only be done in six or eight. Such verb has not surrendered its former meaning: that which it had without its derivational addition it still retains; but now it means something more besides.* As in its outward form an addition has taken place, so its meaning also has been added to. It very often implies "a result" of the action signified by the undervived word. As this particle is incorporated with the verb, it is more apt to be passed over unobserved than if it were separately subjoined to it, like those propositions in English which, added to the verb, enable us to modify its meaning.†

This is the nearest approach you have to the derivative verbs in question, some of which you are able to render in your own tongue by the help of a preposition, while with others, again, this is wholly out of your power. The use of such derivatives is not learned by the help of a dictionary; for very often the lexicon itself does not give the fine distinction between two words nearly similar. We should be inclined to think that the proper understanding of such derivatives was the point last gained in the study of German, if we might judge by the frequent misapprehensions we ourselves have seen, in persons too whose knowledge of the language was any thing but insignificant. In *Wallenstein*, act ii. scene 4, we have an instance of such derivative word employed most expressively, and to which the passage is wholly indebted for its vigour and pathos. Max Piccolomini reproaches Wallenstein for his haste to offer him a present after returning to the camp with the general's wife and daughter. He is pained that Wallenstein should think of paying him, as for a service, for what he had deemed a special favour shewn to himself. The idea of "payment for his trouble" hurts him, and diapiels his sweet illusion. How deeply he is hurt is shewn by the bitterness of the expression "abzulohnen:"

"Mein Fürst!

Ich komme mit Beschämung, ja, mit Schmerz;
Denn kaum bin ich hier angelangt, hab' Mutter
Und Tochter deinen armen Überleber.
So wird aus deinem Marstall, reich geschirrt,
Ein prächt'ger Jagd-zug mir von dir gebracht,
Für die gehabte Müh' mich abzulohnen.
Ja, ja, mich abzulohnen."

"My prince,

I come with shame, yea, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered

* *Scherzen*, to joke; *abscherzen*, to obtain by joking—to joke a person out of something. *Plagen*, to tease; *ab-plagen*, to obtain by teasing. *Weinen*, to weep; *verweinen*, to weep away (one's grief). *Schmerzen*, to feel pain; *verschmerzen*, to get over one's sorrow (after having more or less given way to it). *Jagen*, to hunt; *erjagen*, to get as result of a chase. *Schlafen*, to sleep; *verschlafen*, to sleep too long (and to lose something by such sleeping); in all of which "a process" is described, rather than a "state of being." To the foreigner some English verbs must, we doubt not, be very puzzling: those transitive, for instance, derived from intransitives, as, *lay, laid, and lie, lay, felt, felted; and fall, fell*—formed by a change of the vowel of the root: where there is no such change they may even present greater difficulties, as, *to sink* (intrans.), and *to sink* (a ship, trans.); a difference for which in Anglo-Saxon there was a distinctive mark, although now dropped; as, intransitive, *sincan*, to sink; trans., *sencan*, to make to sink; *biogan*, to bend; *bigen*, to make to bend. † To carry, to carry off; to talk, to talk another down.

The mother and the daughter to your arms,
When from your stables there is brought to me
A team of four most richly harnessed horses—
And so to pay me off for all my trouble.
Yes, yes, to pay me off."

Had Max not been in love, he would not have been so irritable. It is a harsh expression he uses, and he feels that it is so; but that it may not be thought he utters it unadvisedly, he repeats it: "Yes, yes, to pay me off." "Remunerate" (belohnen) is not only incorrect, but by employing it we are deprived of that glimpse of wounded pride which Max displays when he fancies that it is intended with this present to pay him off, and so be rid of any further claim; to treat him, in short, on "the labourer is worthy of his hire" principle. Had Max escorted to the camp another than the lovely Thekla, he certainly would not have shewn such over-sensitiveness.

The countess, in replying to Max—

"Belohnt er Ihre Mühe?"

does not make use of the expression "ablohnen," which he employed, but chooses the one which he should have chosen, "belohnen."

"Does he requite your trouble? 'tis his joy
For which he will repay you. It becomes you
To feel so delicately;—it befits him
Always to shew himself both great and princely;"

thus, with tact and much delicacy, taking no notice of his irritability, or of the expression it called forth.

In the same speech we have too a compound adjective, "vorschnell;" the just appreciation of which, however, is of less importance than the verb above. Max, referring to the safe conduct of the ladies to the camp, says he sees he is to consider it as "a trouble," as part of his duties merely,

"Nicht eine Gunst, für die
Ich's vorschnell nahm."

"Vorschnell" signifies "over-fast," "precipitately;" and "nahm" here does not mean "to take" (with the hand),† but "take for;" "deem to be;" thus,

"Not a favour,
Which in my over-haste I took it for."

While on this subject of derivatives, we will give one more example, to shew the fine difference which the addition of the particle makes in the verb to which it is added. We have chosen the word and the passage in question on account of its being peculiarly adapted to shew the force of what we have said above, and because in one case the verb and its particle are inseparable, while in the other the little word which may seem the derivative addition is, in reality, not so, but merely the preposition which the language requires should follow the verb to make the expression complete. The words are "sich an etwas gewöhnen," to get accustomed to any thing; and "sich etwas angewöhnen," to acquire a habit of something, or to acquire by habit. The passage may be found in *Wallenstein*, act iii. scene 3:

"Max. O! fühlten Sie
Wie mir zu Muthe ist!—Seitdem wir hier sind—
So an mich halten, Wort und Blicke wägen!
Das bin ich nicht gewohnt!
Gräfin. Sie werden sich
An manches noch gewöhnen, schöner Freund!"‡

Had the meaning of the last line been "to acquire new habits," then the "an" could not have been separated from the verb "gewöhnen," and the order of the words would have been thus:

"Sich manches angewöhnen, schöner Freund."

* "So to remunerate me for my trouble:

Yes, yes, remunerate me!

Countess. Remunerate your trouble! For his joy
He makes you recompense." Coleridge, *Wallenstein*.

† "Not a favour,
Which I leapt forward to receive."

Coleridge, *Wallenstein*.

‡ "Max. Oh! if you felt the oppression at my heart!
Since we have been here, so to constrain myself—
With such poor stealth to hazard words and glances—
These, these are not my habits!"

Countess. You have still
Many new habits to acquire, young friend!"
Coleridge, *Wallenstein*.

Our version of the passage is:

"So to constrain myself!—weigh each word and look!—
To this I'm not accustomed!"

Countess. You will get
Accustomed still to many things, young friend!"

Thus much, then, for some of the qualifications necessary to the translator, as well as on those points he is liable to overlook. Our remarks refer to translation in general; and we have hitherto only called attention to an author's style, and occupied ourselves with peculiar expressions and certain words; wholly independent, however, of "the form" of the work itself. That even a prose translation is not without its difficulties will have struck every body. But these increase hundredfold when the translation is a metrical one. At every step a fresh difficulty opposes itself, which must be overcome. Those who are satisfied with a metrical version of a foreign poem, provided there be tolerable smoothness in the verse, and a general similarity between the contents of the original and the copy, will, we doubt not, consider that we exaggerate if we compare the task, executed according to our notions, to a hydra-headed monster—constantly presenting, after each decapitation, a new difficulty to be overcome. But the comparison is a fair one; and to shew that it is so, let us bestow a glance at what is to be done. The translator has not only to give the words—the well-chosen words—of another in his own language, but he is first of all to give them so that they may fit into a certain space which the original author assigned them. That space must be filled out; and not by additions of our invention,—for in a translation we render another's thoughts, not give our own,—but wholly and solely by the matter furnished us. The space given must not be exceeded; for the finest passage drawn out and lengthened loses in power, and, when diluted with a stream of words, its spirit and strength is gone. All—every thought and every attribute—contained in the German stanza must be also got into the English stanza of similar length. The power the German language possesses in its compounds to express in so many syllables what in English would require as many words, presents to the English translator a most formidable difficulty. It is, perhaps, the greatest he has to encounter. In both cases, too—in filling out the given space, and in not exceeding it—he has not an entirely free choice of his materials; for, be it remembered, it is only "the best words"† he may make use of. He must be careful to observe and try to imitate any intentional peculiarity of metre (alliteration, for example), as well as the measure of the verse, or variation even to be found in a particular line. And is this all he has to do? No, far from it; and what is still to come is hardly to be learned as the rest might be, for it demands qualities to which the poet himself feels how greatly he is indebted. They may be cultivated, but they cannot be given, any more than a coarse mind can be brought to feel with delicacy. Such qualities are instinctive: they are born with us, and belong to our particular nature. And unless the translator has himself more or less of the poet's nature in him, his work, though free from absolute error, will still be like a body unanimated by the soul of intelligence.

He must be capable of feeling and of reproducing in his work the musical flow of words of the original;—supposing, as we do, that it possesses the excellences to which we direct attention. He must have "an ear most musical," to enable him even to feel the beauty of sweetly attuned verse: how much more so, then, to guide him in the imitation? In some poetry this very quality may be a characteristic; it may often be the chief beauty of a single line; and though we know sound must bow the head to sense, it still has charms that we may not pass by unregarded. How immensely would the "Irish Melodies" lose were a translator to neglect the wonderful sweetness of the author's verse!—a verse so melodious that, if read with fitting in-

* "Wägen," to weigh; not "wagen," to hazard.

† See ante, article "Anastasis Grün."

tonation of voice, it needs no accompanying music; the metre containing its own proper melody. Of what value is sometimes an irregularity in the verse! How accordant often with the sense the effect produced by the additional syllable to the rhymeless line!

The relative position of the words, so that the important one may fill the conspicuous place in the line, is, too, a matter of no little consequence. To the subject so treated is given additional weight; and its attributes gain tenfold in strength and power when placed thus on vantage ground. We might almost liken them to troops on the field of battle, where, without augmentation of numbers, their efficiency and force is considerably increased merely by the position which they hold. Well did Dryden know how much was gained by the word—whether substantive, adjective, or verb—which should claim attention, being placed so that the accent must fall upon it. To use a common expression, it is thus made to "tell." In translation this knowledge may often do good service, by enabling us, in this manner, to render conspicuous what in the original was made so by perhaps an expression or turn of phrase, which it is found impossible to introduce in the English verse. Where we have so many difficulties to overcome, we must be careful neither to overlook nor undervalue any lawful aids to our success.

We may often find in a poetical work passages in which the pause is elsewhere than at the end of the line; or the passage may not end with the line, but near the beginning of it, in the middle or towards the end. Now very frequently this whereabouts is not unimportant. It is not enough to give the faithful meaning of a whole verse, but the verse so rendered must have its breaks as well as the original. We in our version, perhaps, may dispense with a full stop after the second or third word in the line, and place it quite conveniently at the end: but we must first be sure nothing is lost by so doing; that no intention of the poet has escaped us, and that we are not making smooth what he wished should strike the reader as abrupt. We must not fancy there is chance in such matters. A true artist leaves nought to chance; he orders and disposes all with much forethought, for he knows that in a work of art, as in a game of chess, not one move is unimportant. One part must grow out of the other, conducing to its support or beauty, and the whole become so blended that its fair proportions hide all trace of arrangement and intention.

[To be continued.]

[From an occasional Correspondent.]

[Our correspondent speaks with much praise of German translations of Charles Knight's and the brothers Chambers's cheap and useful works for the furtherance of general education, and quotes a panegyric upon them from the *Augsburg Gazette*. After which he writes:—]

We learn by letters from Dresden, that Berthold Auerbach, author of *Black Forest Village Stories*, and Geibel, the poet, are at present staying in that city, and are objects of marked attention for all. The latter is occupied with the completion of a larger work than has hitherto come from his pen. Auerbach has just completed a novel of more pretensions than his former tales; and Brockhaus is now publishing his German translation of Spinoza's works, in an improved edition.

The *Life of Ulrich Von Hutten*, by August Birk, of which great expectations are formed, will also shortly appear. Dr. Carus, who lately visited England in the suite of the King of Saxony, has a work in the press entitled *Psyche*, and his *Physiology of the Hand* is about to be published by a Stuttgart bookseller. His account of his stay in England has not only been translated into En-

* A celebrated English authoress remarked to us, when last we had the happiness of being with her, that she thought those lines in Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, &c. &c., which thus exceeded the assigned length, were generally those of greatest beauty.

glish, but into French also, and is almost ready in the latter tongue.

Gutzkow is on the point of returning to Frankfurt from Paris, bringing with him a new tragedy, completed in the French capital. A little work of much interest, entitled *Göthe's Boyhood, from the year 1757 to 1759*, has just been given to the world by Dr. Weismann. The ms., it seems, was found in the library of the town of Frankfurt, and the editor has supplied it with all the necessary explanations—a task he has so well performed as to have obtained him the most flattering acknowledgments of the Grand Duke of Weimar.

Miss Martineau's *Settlers at Home* has just found a translator, or rather, what is of more consequence, the German version of her book has found a publisher. The lady who undertook the translation could find no bookseller that would take it unless ushered into the world by a well-known German name. The *Blätter für Literarische Unterhaltung* has a long and favourable critique upon her writings, and says, "She is rather a somewhat hard, concise, puritanical woman, who wanders about her territory with sure step and sure eye, as little allowing herself to be deceived by false glitter as she herself will deceive by it. The extravagancies of the world of sentiment are foreign to her; she does not wish to excite, but to calm. As little as she is inclined to varnish over real misery, or palliate wicked impulses, just as little will she suffer herself to exaggerate a state of want, or to paint criminal tendencies blacker than they really are. But she lays bare the corruptions of social circumstances, and of the heart, that she may in a plain manner put into our hands the means by which men in general, and every man in particular, may aid himself. Although an Englishwoman, yet removed from all bigoted orthodoxy, she teaches the Christian moral law, 'Let not evil overcome thee, but overcome evil with good.' In many of her writings on political economy she is in direct opposition with the existing order of things, but her attacks are not of a destructive sort."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

STAMMERING.

[We have received the following letter and enclosure from Mr. Hunt; and as we have for some years taken and expressed an interest in his method for the removal of impediments in speech, we have no hesitation in giving them a place in the *Literary Gazette*. The confirmation of our earliest opinion of the value of this system, by many cases of very different kinds which we have since witnessed, makes us more than willing to do this duty; and we trust our friends and readers will believe, that if we were not strongly convinced that we were thereby rendering a benefit to humanity, nothing would induce us to place in our page what, we think, in common justice ought to have appeared in the page of a contemporary.]

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Dear Sir,—The *Lancet* having assailed me with no small quantum of acrimony, I felt called upon to offer such explanation and defence as I could to the editor of that journal. He, however, not only did not insert my letter, but even rejected a common advertisement which I had paid for at his office, in order, at least, to meet the misrepresentations by a tangible contradiction in the same vehicle. Under these circumstances I have ventured to appeal to your public assistance, and the more unreservedly because your *Gazette* is made to do penance with me in the article alluded to. You, for many years, spoke of my practice with earnestness as wonderfully successful, and no advertisement of mine was ever sent to you. I did not even know of your connexion with the press when I explained my principles to you; and yet it is insinuated, because I am now more aware of the expediency of meeting all sorts of false reports by statements of facts, and, among other sources, through the *Literary Gazette*, that I owe your ad-

vocacy to that miserably sordid cause. But this, except "to explain," is neither worthy of notice from you nor me.

My letter to the *Lancet* is explicit enough to meet all its objections. But a general question arises. Am I (or any one in my position) unduly interfering with a profession, by assuming the ability to correct or amend particular effects? Are there to be no trans-professional men,—all proscribed, from the drill-sergeant and the singing-master to the teacher of elocution and the management of the organs of speech? Why should Mr. Richard Jones, that admirable comedian, be held to be empirical, in consequence of his being able to teach, from long experience, how to modulate and throw out the voice with the best effect to any distances, from the lamps to the upper gallery, or from the pulpit or the floors of Parliament to the farthest parts of church or house? Or why should I be abused if I go beyond this, and take up a branch of science which has nothing to do with surgery or medicine; and practically devote myself to remedy hurry of speech, indistinct articulation, and other imperfections which (as I have observed) are not diseases, and therefore not within the most jealous assertion of professional prerogative. The eminent medical gentlemen who have borne witness to the efficacy of my system do not speak of it or me as prescription or prescribing, or apply to us medical praise. They speak of my giving 'lessons'; of my being a 'corrector of impediments of speech' (Dr. Barlow); of my 'correcting this troublesome and annoying imperfection by my course of instruction' (Dr. Riley); of my being 'master of elocution,' &c. (Prof. Ferguson); and not as the curer of diseased organisation, such as demands the skill of the physician or the knife of the surgeon.

In my letter to the *Lancet*, I have remarked on the Coroner's recent discovery of a very old hypothesis; and it may not be less interesting, in the history of such mares' nests, to mention that his client's grand scheme is simply the resurrection of Mr. Jullien's plan given to the world a "long time ago."—I am, &c.

T. HUNT.

To the Editor of the *Lancet*.

221 Regent Street, May 20, 1846.

Sir,—Having in your last number thought fit to make some strong remarks on me and my method for the removal of stammering, I trust to your sense of justice for a similar place in the *Lancet* to reply to these allegations. At p. 553, you insert a brief report of the proceedings of the Medical Society of London, in which the merits of the "acoustic principles" recommended and employed by Mr. Bishop for the same object, are discussed; the chief features in which are, that one or two of the medical authorities present considered the show-case brought before them to have been to a certain extent successful, whilst others doubted the hypothesis; and Mr. Bishop told them that "the treatment of these cases had been too long neglected by the profession; and the result was, that empirics or philologists occupied the ground more properly belonging to medical men."

But what I have to protest against is, your own leading paper, at p. 557; * where you seem to think it expedient, for the sake of making room for your favourite and his system, to demolish me and mine, a prior and successful occupant of the neglected field, and of course an empiric or a philologist, which implies, in your vocabulary, a person incompetent to improve the organs of voice, or remedy impediments of speech. In order to accomplish this, you set out with an assertion, which is the root and foundation of your entire argument, and yet, in my opinion, is altogether a gross and absurd mistake. You declare stammering "to be a disease," and consequently its treatment and cure to belong (exclusively) "to the profession of medicine." Now, sir, I deny that stammering is a

disease. It is an imperfection occasioned by organic, physical, or accidental causes—the want of some proper regulation or use, and not a disease, though the fruitful source of many diseases; some of which, by reaction, may be confounded with the original cause. Such, for example, as palpitation of the heart, derangement of the nervous system, pulmonary affections, all inducing constitutional debility, both physical and mental, and frequently ending in premature death. These are the effects of stammering; but therefore to call a misapplication of the tongue, the jaws, the throat, or the breath, a disease, appears to me to be a ridiculous error; and with its dissipation all your inductions evaporate into thin air.

Having thus disposed of your first paragraph, I will say little of the verbal hair-splitting which commences the second. Curing or removing are terms perfectly accurate, where an evil has been cured or removed; and whether used professionally or unprofessionally, are clearly intelligible to the common sense of mankind, conveying the same idea without possibility of mistake. And next comes your personal attack upon me—"the person improperly patronised by certain professional men—a Mr. Hunt—formerly a Dorsetshire farmer, who now makes an irruption into London every season, coming in and going out with Grisi and Cerito—making a tolerably abundant harvest; for his practice is said to be flourishing, and his fees to be large." These are heavy charges. The offence of being patronised by certain professional men must be confessed to be heinous in the eyes of rivalry and competition. You pick out two or three physicians to be made examples of for this delinquency. But you forget that in your own report of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of the 10th of December, 1844, you afforded similar countenance to me by quoting the statement of so distinguished an individual as Professor Ferguson of King's College; and in former numbers of the *Lancet* the inconsistency is still greater, for it not only inserted my letters against surgical operations, but approved of my system on account of its efficiency. To crown the contradiction, I now copy an extract of a letter from the sub-editor of the *Lancet* (who was himself acquainted with the principles of my system), in February 1843: "My dear sir, I have rarely seen a more severe case of stammering than that of the bearer, Henry Bowring. I have no question of your ability of effecting a perfect cure in his case, for I have already had an opportunity of proving your success in cases equally bad," &c. &c. Mr. Liston, and others of the highest reputation, have borne equally honourable testimony to what they have witnessed of the almost undeviating success of my system. It may seem strange, but I really value this patronage, and their continued recommendations of pupils to me, as the best proof of my deserts and triumphs over many difficulties with which you reproach them and me, as proofs of indiscretion on their part and failure on mine. With you a professional man must not speak the truth of an unprofessional man, on pain of your professional displeasure; and an unprofessional man is not to make known the gratifying and convincing need he has received of their approbation without being accused of empiricism and quackery! To the Dorsetshire farming, also, I plead guilty, not "formerly," but at this good hour. It has always been my boast, and never kept out of sight; for I proclaimed that it was a Dorsetshire farmer not two miles from my residence who discovered that vaccination which Jenner so splendidly brought into use. Nor am I disposed to contradict my contemporaneous advent to London with Grisi and Cerito, nor that we all reap tolerably abundant harvests, commensurate with our several abilities to please or benefit our fellow-creatures. Of the Cerito attractions, I have nothing to say; but if Grisi display one of the finest voices wherewith to delight the world, and I instruct many pupils to acquire a natural, instead of a painful and obstructed mastery over that organ, I really cannot be persuaded

* The article will be found entire in our advertising columns.—Ed. L. G.

that it is creditable to impeach our fair earnings, and abuse us by calling names.

You proceed to cite some of the auspices quoted in my favour, and to disparage them. The testimonials "from individual members are bad enough; but what (you ask) will readers think of the following from a medical journalist, who ought to be one of the conservators of the profession?" [not of truth or justice, but "the profession."] My answer to your inquiry would be, were I a reader cognisant of the fact, that when so able a physician as the late Dr. J. Johnson, in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, pledged himself and that respected publication to the fact that he had "recently seen a youth who had been operated on without the slightest benefit, but who was subsequently cured of his stammering in the course of two or three days by Mr. Hunt," that it was about as satisfactory a proof as could be given of the integrity of the witness, and the great value of Mr. Hunt's method. Let me add to its force, that one of Dr. J.'s own family received lessons from me; and therefore that his being glad to hear favourable reports from other quarters, and observe the patronage bestowed on Mr. H. "by several distinguished members of the profession," was simply an acknowledgment of fact, and a confidence, the result of which was an important service rendered to one dear to him. The other instances of censurable medical testimony are not worthy of discussion. If Dr. Riley, of Bristol, one of the most extensively experienced physicians in the kingdom, has seen reason to describe my system as "founded upon sound physiology," or Sir J. Eyre vouches for the same, I can see no necessity for vindicating the judgment of individuals so competent to pronounce it. The invidious attempt to depreciate the last-named gentleman, for happening to know a certain London banker, a highly connected M.P. and a Herefordshire gentleman, is put to shame by the simple fact, that when I submitted my host of testimonials to him, he, as a matter of course, referred for corroboration to some of those with whom he was previously acquainted.

I am subsequently accused of using secret means, and exacting promises of secrecy. It is true that I have required my pupils not to divulge the method—a precaution its simplicity and the ineffectual attempts to pirate and practise it suggested, for the sake of self-preservation; but in the rigid sense of the words, secret means there never were any, and never was secret less guarded. Hundreds of the relatives of pupils, medical gentlemen, and intelligent individuals of all classes, have been constantly invited to witness my process; and to speak of "a disreputable secrecy" is a misrepresentation of the case. How can that be a secret remedy to those who have seen it carried into effect, and bear witness to nothing more than they have seen—the whole process and its success? This is a great confusion of ideas. That I have always been the declared adversary of Dieffenbach and his followers in England, who attempted to cure stammering by surgical operations, is another of the charges to which I plead guilty; and I allow myself to be the empiric who has, in a multitude of instances, restored the blessing of articulate speech to persons upon whom the mutilating process had been previously performed without effect. As for daring to pronounce an opinion upon such "surgical" cases, I really imagine that I or any other rational being can tell after an operation whether the patient continues to stammer or not.

But, sir, allow me to add, that the assault upon me is little else than a puff for another—the be all and the end all of your effort. The matter, you truly say, is slight, but the principle involved is great; and yet you venture to arraign my nineteen years of experience, merely on the ground of my not being a surgeon, in order to advance the interest of a new comer into the field, who has advanced a theory questioned by able medical contemporaries even in your own report. I put it to your candour if this be right; or from you I

would appeal to one of the coroners for Middlesex, who, in a recent inquiry before him, brought forward, as "a new cure for stammering, only lately known to a few of the faculty in London," the method published by Mc Cormac eighteen years ago, and long since well known to be fallacious. In the midst of such clashing opinions, I respectfully submit that you should allow me my fair chance among those who profess to remove stammering and regulate imperfections of speech; that you will admit my long practice to go for something in my favour; and that you will not pervert the highest testimonials of success, from the highest authorities, into arguments of condemnation upon, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS HUNT.

* * We have little occasion to add any thing to this correspondence. We have seen among Mr. Hunt's pupils a good many members of the medical profession, who availed themselves of his tuition in the light in which he offers it, and not as seeking medical aid from one who professes nothing beyond what is here set down, and to have, by long experience, acquired greater skill in removing such impediments, and correcting imperfections and bad habits of speech. Having witnessed the success of these, and numerous other cases, we have no other motive than to make the truth known wherever we have the means.—*Ed. L. G.*

BORNEO.

We trust that our review of Capt. Keppel's work on Borneo has left a feeling of anxiety about its concerns and farther progress in the breasts of our readers. To them it will therefore be a matter of much interest to learn (according to late accounts) that "Pangeran Budrudeen had been attacked by order of the Sultan of Borneo Proper, at some place near Labuan island. The Rajah defended himself bravely; but being seriously wounded, he retired into his house, and called his wife and sister; then ordered his servants to bring a barrel of gunpowder. He took his ring from his finger, and gave it to the servant, desiring him to take it to Mr. Brooke, and immediately fired the powder—thus destroying himself and family, about thirty in number, who were blown through the roofs of the houses. Besides his own family, there were many others destroyed who were well-disposed towards the English, and who assisted in putting down piracy, which the Sultan is determined to revive at all hazards. He has ordered forts to be built at the entrance of all the small rivers, and he now bids defiance to the English. The Rajah's ring was subsequently taken by force from the servant, but the man made his escape and got on board her Majesty's ship *Hazard*. He warned the captain not to land on that part of the coast, as the Sultan had given orders to capture all the English, more especially the captains. The *Hazard* then proceeded to Sarawak (to Mr. Brooke), and thence to Singapore. The Sultan has ordered Mr. Brooke to be poisoned, or killed in any way that may present itself."

So says the *Shipping Gazette*; but in order to be credible or intelligible, we must first believe a preceding report from Singapore to the effect that the Sultan had treacherously murdered the Rajah Muda Hassim and the Pangeran Budrudeen, and all Mr. Brooke's friends, meaning most probably the Rajah's younger brothers, who were all friendly to Mr. Brooke.

This revolution would lead to a state of things hostile to the British; but the Pangeran Budrudeen could not be murdered both at Borneo Proper and at some place near Labuan, on which island, we believe, our flag now flies. Under any circumstances, Mr. Brooke knows how to act for the best and protect himself and his territories, and we only wish his gallant and admirable friend Capt. Keppel were again with him at the head of an English force, to deal with all pirates and enemies as he did so effectually before.

KOJAS.

The *Bombay Times*, mentioning an individual of some note in that part of India, gives us an account of the Mahometan sect called Kojas, with the particulars of whose creed, &c., we do not remember being previously so well acquainted. It runs thus:

"The inhabitants of Mazagon are considerably perplexed about the rank of an illustrious stranger now resident in their neighbourhood, at whose abode fireworks by night are occasionally exhibited, and who by day has a better attended levee, numerically considered, than the Governor-General of India can boast of. His Highness Agha Khan was in 1837 ruler of Kirman, and one of the most illustrious chiefs in Persia. He was not only a man of large power and possessions, but of a lineage only a shade less sacred in the estimation of a large section of the Moslem population than the collateral descendants of the Prophet themselves. When the hand of the favourite daughter of the King of Persia, Futteh Khan, was bestowed upon him, her father said that if he ruled over the fairest kingdom on the face of the earth, his son-in-law could secure for his followers kingdoms in heaven. He is the head saint of the whole Kojah Mahomedans: they flock in thousands to obtain his blessing, and receive him with almost divine honours wherever he moves. The Kojas form a distinct sect: they were originally Shadrans, when, some four centuries since, a great Mahomedan apostle undertook a mission through Cutch and other parts of Western India, and converted them to their present faith. Agha Khan is the direct lineal descendant of the holy man referred to. As viceroy of Kirman his rule was distinguished for wisdom, benevolence, and moderation. On the demise of his father-in-law, the Shah Futteh Khan, a dispute arose between Agha Khan and his brother Mahomed Khan; a war ensued, and the subject of the present notice was defeated, several hundreds of his followers having fallen. He retired to Candahar, where his influence appeared to have been extensive, and was always exercised in favour of British subjects. He was assigned large jaghires, worth 4000 rupees, in western Afghanistan, and enjoyed a stipend of 3000 rupees from the British Government. He appears to have been presented with large possessions near Candahar, which he of course abandoned as we vacated the country. He continued with us throughout the short remainder of our stay in Afghanistan; but we have no particulars of his adventures till about the end of March 1843, when he and his followers got very roughly handled by the Beloochees near Hyderabad,—a large number of the prince's horsemen having fallen. He at this time received 1000 rupees from Government; who, besides this, defrayed the expenses of his attendants. The followers who by this time had flocked around him were so numerous as to occasion some anxiety that their irregular habits might bring them into collision with the country people; and Sir C. Napier accordingly politely requested that he should recommend them to return to their homes. The hint was taken, and a personal escort of a few followers only allowed. Agha Khan has still, we believe, a stipend of 1000 rupees from Government, and we have proffered our assistance to obtain a good understanding with him and the Shah of Persia, so as to enable him to return to Kirman. He seems not anxious for this, and would greatly prefer a settlement in Scinde or Western India. The caste known as Moguls are those chiefly here of his persuasion. When he appears, they fall down before him, and accord the utmost reverence to him they can bestow. The offerings made to him by his disciples in different parts of Asia are said to amount to upwards of four lakhs of rupees annually! He has at present with him about three hundred personal attendants; he is in his own demeanour modest and unassuming, and wears his honours so meekly that no one would imagine him other than a simple gentleman of his country.

TROUBLE AMONG THE MORMONS.

THE Governor of Illinois has ordered the troops to be disbanded after the 1st of May. The *Hancock Eagle* says that the consequence will be a bloody struggle between those Mormons who have been unable to leave Hancock county and their persecutors. The *Eagle* says that 5000 Mormons have already left that county, and others are hastening to leave as fast as possible. They have paid extravagant prices for wagons, &c.; and those remaining only ask for sufficient time to make the necessary arrangements for their departure. Some are too poor and others too infirm, to get away; and if they are to be given over to indiscriminate destruction before they can raise the means of moving westward, it is expected that many who have already left will return, determined to fight and die, if necessary, with their brethren and kinsmen. Other American papers farther state that the Mormon emigration to Oregon, from Nauvoo, certainly presents a novel and interesting sight, considering the peculiarity of their character, their troubles, their religious zeal, and their undeniable energy and perseverance. "The Camp of Israel," now on its way to the Rocky Mountains, has already crossed the tributaries of the Charitan river, the emigrants all in good health and spirits—no dissensions, and every thing peaceable. They travel in detached companies, from five to ten miles apart, and in point of order resemble a military expedition. The camp has the appearance of a movable town, the wagons and carts being arranged on either side of large streams, and public squares left for the cattle. This expedition, numbering about three thousand souls in all, will encamp in the fertile plains near the entrance to the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains, on the margins of the Sweet-water and Laramie rivers, where crops will be sown and buffalo-meat dried, to provide food during the winter and succeeding spring. The second expedition, numbering four or five thousand persons, will leave Nauvoo in February 1847; and when it arrives at the plains, the first will pass through to Oregon or California, leaving the new-comers to prepare for the third and last expedition, which will leave Nauvoo in the spring of 1848.

ORIGINAL,
AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

Dramatic Chapters.

CHAPTER XVI.

SCENE—A mountainous Pass—the path rugged and dangerous—a huge trunk of pine thrown, as a bridge, over a torrent.

Enter FALKNER.

F. Are we by both deceived, Virtue and Vice?
Doth Virtue cheat and crush us? Vice deceive
And curse? In different modes betrayers of our hope?
Dark is the world, and drear, and difficult!
Nature's doom'd children are baptised with tears,
And Misery is their sponsor!

Love and Friendship are

But other names for life's anxieties!
This little round of time, this petty sphere,
Revolves amidst perpetual woe and care—
Disease and suffering, poverty and sin!
What's life to care for? and for that honour,
Which I have idolised as next to heaven,
What is't!—a dream, a passing dream; and yet
Great minds love lofty action, not for fame!
'Tis the spontaneous product of the soul,
Springs from itself, and is its own reward.
Long be it so.

Two acts I must perform,
Which, if I now may judge from what I feel,
In honour and in justice are demanded!
Yet these two acts, born of my brotherly love,
My deep, overflowing, never-ebbing love,
May brand me but with infamy; and her,
Whose name I dare not speak and think upon
The deed I am about—what unto her
May be the issue?

Enter JURUS, hastily, whose interruption seems to ruffle FALKNER.

J. Leave him unscathed to an offended God!
His death could nothing grace thy sister's grave;
Her griefs are wept away! Think better on't;
The Lady Bertha loves thee, fame reports;
Think less of him, more of thine interest.
If all the wicked must be hurried to death,
The world would lack inhabitants ere long;

I'd have thee to thine interest more alert
Than cast thy life upon a ruffian's sword!

F. (contemptuously). Interest! Self-interest! 'Tis thee
common east.

The mean in mind call wisdom of the world;
'Tis that which leads the shallow stream of life,
Arrays the hypocrite in virtue's guise,
Calls over-reaching knowledge of mankind!
Dull Honesty the workhouse slave, whose rags
Lend jests to those whose finer cunning thrives.
Self-interest! 'Tis a thing whose heart is coin!
And yet the higher virtues of the soul
Find in its mouth an hourly currency:
None speak of reputation, honour, worth,
Frank liberality, and generous faith;
None, like self-interest, so expert the cheat,
It half deceives itself with its own vaults!
Self-interest! 'Tis the dastard's ready shield,
The tyrant's plea, the swindler's crafty creed,
Who, honouring law, stops short of legal crime;
'Tis—mark me, sir! a boaster in success;
A mean and abject driveller, in that hour
Adversity's sharp whip cracks at its heels!
Self-interest! name it not! there is no sound
So sickening, so perfidious to mine ears:
If e'er my stay offend thee, there's the word
Halt! my thine of my presence! Interest!
Self-interest!

J. Too hot, and over-nice!
But 'tis thy humour to behold things thus,
With a most jaundiced and distemper'd view;
If each man studied his true interest
His fellow-men were better'd by that study;
Exaggeration is not argument,
Nor hard words facts. Better be that as thou wilt,
Another's happiness is in thy keeping!
Thou hast no right to peril her young life
In perilling thine own: avoid this man!
His sins, like bloodhounds, hunt him to a death
More sure, more keen, than stab of any steel!
When broken, friendless, old before his time,
Revenge could seek no fiercer punishment.
Less abject, less debased, might claim thy sword.
Oh, I implore thee, give this venture pause!
Instead of the corrosion of thy conscience,
Reap the enjoyment of a godlike act,
And learn forgiveness!

F. Jurus!
Thou'st heard of one, a pilgrim to some shrine,
Who travell'd weeks and months, nor food, nor sleep,
For the dry crust could scarce deserve that name,
And the few snatches of outworn nature
Might scarcely claim the title of repose.
What wouldst thou think, after all toil and fasting,
All conquering of the rough impediments
Mountain, flood, rock, might cast upon his way,
To count not elemental harassings—
If, when his eye beheld the shrine he sought,
His foot pressed—ay, within few steps of all
For which he'd welcomed pain, fatigue, and fasting,
Thou cross'dst his path, and saidst, "Proceed no further,
Religion points to thy neglected home?"
'Tis Superstition, and not Sanctity,
Which mocks thee here! Get to thy vineyard back!"
Thinkst thou he'd turn his staff from east to west,
And easily, as the blown thistle-down,
Go, at thy breath, the way thou marshal'dst him?
No! Feelings time hath rooted change not thus:
Granting his theme Devotion, mine Revenge!
His Love, mine Hate! Why human hate is fixed
As Herulean rock when love's a reed!
Thus 'tis with me, earn his staff from idleness
Between Resolve and my assured Revenge—
Is curs'd as barren! Let me hence!

J. A moment and I quit thee; yet beware
Lest Passion urge thee down a gulf so deep
That Honour ne'er again may snatch thee back;
Stain not thy sword but in accepted challenge,
And Heaven shield well the right! (FALKNER impatient.)
Be calm!

F. Thou seest I'm calm!
J. Calm! Yes, that calm which follows when we hurt
A rock from some high cliff that fronts the sea;
That calm which intervenes between its fall
And its hoarse thunder in the deep below!
Thus calm art thou! For now is thy descent,
The thunder is to come! (FALKNER still more impatient.)
Soon, Thou shalt go soon!

F. Shall? Nay, I will!

J. Thou shalt!

F. 'Tis shaming time to linger; but hereafter,
Lest thou mightst think hadst thou resisted more
I had been turned away from this intent,
I'll tell thee, Jurus, of my dream last night.
My sleep is but a torture of foul dreams,
And not repose. 'Twas a dull, vapoury night,
The stars came few, and in their misty hoods
Looked cold and comfortless; straight in my dream
Steps numberless I saw as to a throne,
The throne itself invisible; yet something
Vast and imperial through the hovering clouds
Mine eye could trace, heaving its shadowy front
Midway amidst the heavens. On the steps
Forms of all times, all ages, and all nations—
The young, the old, the brave, the beautiful,
The proud and poor, the beggar and the prince,
The maiden, with a presence like the rose,
The babe as from the mother's breast withdrawn,
Lay dead upon the steps of that huge pile.

Far as the sight could range nothing was there
But death! nothing but death!

Then, suddenly,
Broad as a comet streaming upper air,
Appear'd a mighty sceptre on engraved
Was Destiny. The shadows heaved convulsive,
In cloudy billows tost the sea-like sky,
And as though palsied shook their marble veins,
The throne-steps lost their dead! I woke,
Yet did the vision long enwrap my soul,
Still blazed that mystic scripture, Destiny!
It haunts me still; so blinds with blood mine eyes,
That all I see is crimson to my sight—
All earth incarnadine, the very air,
Is gory! Let me on; thou'rt mad to hold!

(Breaks from him.)

(Exit FALKNER.)

I follow Destiny!
J. Counsel unloved is vain: alas, for Man,
Who lifts his evil Passion on a throne,
Crowns it with curses, swears allegiance to it,
Bends, like a slave, to minister its wish,
And, steep'd in sin, cries out, "'Tis Destiny!"
Call it by any name, 'tis Passion still:
Whereon—
If there's, indeed, that thing called "Destiny,"
It rides as with a whirlwind to destruction:
I follow; but to what? Oh, dreadful thought!
May Pity hide the page that tells the deed,
Or blot it out for ever!

(Exit JURUS.)

CHARLES SWAIN.

MUSIC.

CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

On the Defective State of the Choruses and Bands in this Country.

THERE are four principal causes why choral and orchestral music is not properly performed in this country. 1st. Because each performer considers himself or herself most useful and effective when best heard, so that each plays or sings as if executing a solo. 2d. The performers arrogate to themselves equal knowledge with the conductor, and therefore are above being directed by him. 3d. The conductors of many societies are insufficiently educated to teach the true character of classical works, which partly accounts for the want of proper respect being shewn to them by the performers. 4th. The performers being too frequently only practical artists, are neither able to interpret classical works nor willing to be taught them.

By way of illustration, we will first take the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall. How are Handel's Oratorios performed there? Does not each chorus singer absolutely shout out to the utmost of his or her power, and, in a very uncomfortable manner, end each melodic phrase with an extra force? Does not each stringed instrument bow almost every note? Are Handel's ideas too coarse and feeble to be played smoothly and expressively? Why should each note of his music be scratched on a fiddle any more than Mozart's, &c.? Should delicate, refined, and legato playing be denied to Handel any more than to Beethoven? It is an offence to the genius of Handel to, as it were, rub out his ideas on the strings of a fiddle: in the most remote village in England, the peasants only could be expected to perform classical and severe music in this barbarous *Jim Crow* style.

We will pass over other defects of this Society, which, however, has been established long enough to have corrected the faults we have named, and say a word on the Philharmonic Society. Signor Costa's late command over the Italian Opera band was considerable: there he was always respected and implicitly attended to, and we trust his influence will be as great over the Philharmonic band, otherwise a great injustice will be done him. As he has now to teach classical music, his talents as a conductor are put to a severer test. We are aware that in his present post he has to contend with many rebellious subjects, who fancy they are as competent to teach the conductor as he is to instruct them. This was the case (shame be it said) when Dr. Mendelssohn conducted this Society's band; but if each performer were as competent to the task as the conductor himself, even then the conductor, whoever he may be, is the only one who could properly guide the orchestra.

The most skilful artist frequently makes the greatest faults when playing with others: he often

fancies that the true expression of the composition is rendered either by exercising undue energy or by over-sentimentally slurring from note to note. If, however, every skilful artist be left to decide on his own dissimilar views and methods of treating melodic phraseology, it cannot be otherwise than that the mixture of so many styles must materially impair the character of the composition. No band will ever be good unless the members of it be entirely under the control of the conductor. He who considers himself humbled by being dictated to, will always be too vain and thoughtless to learn. The Philharmonic Society have now an excellent conductor, and Signor Costa would but do himself justice by dismissing any member of his band whose presumption gives him any annoyance. The best players are not always the most effective in a band: second-rate performers, under the entire subjection of the conductor, will execute a classical work with better taste and feeling than the first-rate performers who are too proud to be led.

The error of the Philharmonic band is, that every performer plays too independently of every other: each man performs too much in the *solo* fashion: thus, then, the instruments will not blend well together; but, on the contrary, one or more of the band will be heard above the rest, in order, no doubt, to shew off their execution rather than the beauty of the composition.

It is thus that the choruses and bands in this country are defective.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

THE second season of this association is still more successful, under the excellent direction of Mr. Ella, than the first. We recently noticed in complimentary terms an association called the *Beethoven Quartett Society*, and, were it not for its appellation, we should, we confess, have still greater esteem for it. The world in general draws hasty conclusions, especially on subjects it does not thoroughly comprehend; and if it infer that Haydn and Mozart are less worthy of the distinction shewn to Beethoven by the committee of this society, then justice is not done to Haydn and Mozart. If a preference be given to one of these three composers, Haydn has the legitimate right to it, because he is the parent of the true stringed quartett composition, from whom sprung Mozart and Beethoven. But to separate even by a mere nominal distinction these three inspired composers is not quite correct, nor even a proof that the enthusiastic admirers of Beethoven altogether understand the intrinsic beauties of Haydn and Mozart.

We hope, if these observations on the *Beethoven Quartett Society* carry any conviction with them, that, for the sake of genius, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven will be conspicuously brought forward by the committee, and placed in the true position they hold in the estimation of all musical Europe, viz. as the three (grand stringed quartett composers) in one: then the merits of these two societies will be pretty equal.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Thursday, Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, for the benefit of Lablache. The performance of the admirable basso in this opera has always been considered the most perfect and successful, as well as the most amusing and comical, of all attempts at "buffo" singing. To sing and act the part of the petulant and deaf old gentleman in the manner that Lablache does is no ordinary achievement: it involves a degree of mastery and skill both in the art of singing and science of music perfectly astonishing, to say nothing of the untiring *vis comica* of the character. Nature, doubtless, was most bountiful in her gifts to Lablache, but he is allowed the merit of being a most accomplished musician. Cimarosa may be looked upon as the great original of the Italian opera school: Rossini has evidently studied his works to some purpose, and some authorities affirm that even Mozart himself designed to make a model of

them. Be this as it may, we can trace the same charming feeling for real music in *Il Matrimonio Segreto* and *Don Giovanni*: a corresponding chaste and beautiful character pervades both, though with no lack of force where required. The reproduction of this opera is creditable to the management, and must be most satisfactory to the subscribers. For our part, we could not help contrasting the simple, easy-flowing melodies and rich harmonies of *Il Lombardi* and its pompous display of spectacle: really good music requires no garnish of the kind to make it acceptable. The cast on this occasion was very complete: Grisi as *Carolina*, Mario as *Paolino*, Castellani as *Elisetta*, and Sanchioli as *Fidalmia*, with Lablache as *Geronimo*, and his son as *Count Robinson*. The scene is laid in the vicinity of London. The opening scene between Grisi and Mario, with the duets "Se amor si gode" and "No non viene," was delightfully sung: the beautiful harmony of the tenor and soprano was excellently given. In the following scene Lablache began his humorous part amid shouts of laughter and applause. The difficult trio by the ladies, beginning with Grisi's mock reverence to her sister, and ending with the scolding reproof, "Vergogna, Vergogna!" of Sanchioli, was excellently performed; the quartett too, "Andiam subito," was given with great effect. The comic duet between Lablache and his son excited roars of laughter, and called forth a most unanimous encore. The delightful aria beginning "Or sappi amata sposa," although a very trying and difficult composition, was sung by Mario with great taste and perfect execution; and those by Grisi, "Oh Dio spiegavi" and "Io mi perdo," were sung with the most supple tone and expression, especially when she turns in despair to her sister and father with "Ma voi siete tanti cani, senza amor nè carità." In the last scene the musical rage of *Geronimo*, singing "Io vi discaccio, vi maledico," is capital; and the finale, "Che trasporto d'allegrezza," a masterpiece of composition, came off with perfect success. It is almost needless to say that the performance was received throughout with great applause.

Lyceum.—*Sister and I.* Such is the title of a new farce produced here on Monday last: a very amusing little piece, full of life, bustle, and action, which gives full scope for good and easy acting by Messrs. Wigan, Meadows, Matthews, and Emery, and Mrs. Wigan. The groundwork is perhaps not very new, involving the usual amount of wily stratagem resorted to by disappointed lovers for the purpose of out-manoeuvring a tyrannical uncle; namely, the various disguises of sundry extempore friends, who personate foreign masters expected at the mansion of the fair recluse. The piece does not display much brilliancy; but the audience were highly pleased with the continual movement and animation, and unequivocally sanctioned its admission as a favourite.

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THERE are moments in life—though alas for their fitness!

As brilliant with all that existence endears
As if we had drained the whole essence of sweetness
That Nature intended should last us for years!
They pass—and the soul, as it swells with emotion,
Believes that some seraph hath hallowed the elixir;
For never were pearls from the bosom of ocean
So precious and dear as those moments of time.

That moment when hearts which have long been divided
First meet, after absence hath tried them in vain;
Oh, years of affection, when smoothly they've glided,
Can yield not a moment so blissful again.
When friends, that a world had estranged, have forgiven
The word, and unite, hand and heart, as of old,
Oh, such moments of peace are like moments from
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They are gifts from a world which the angels behold!

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